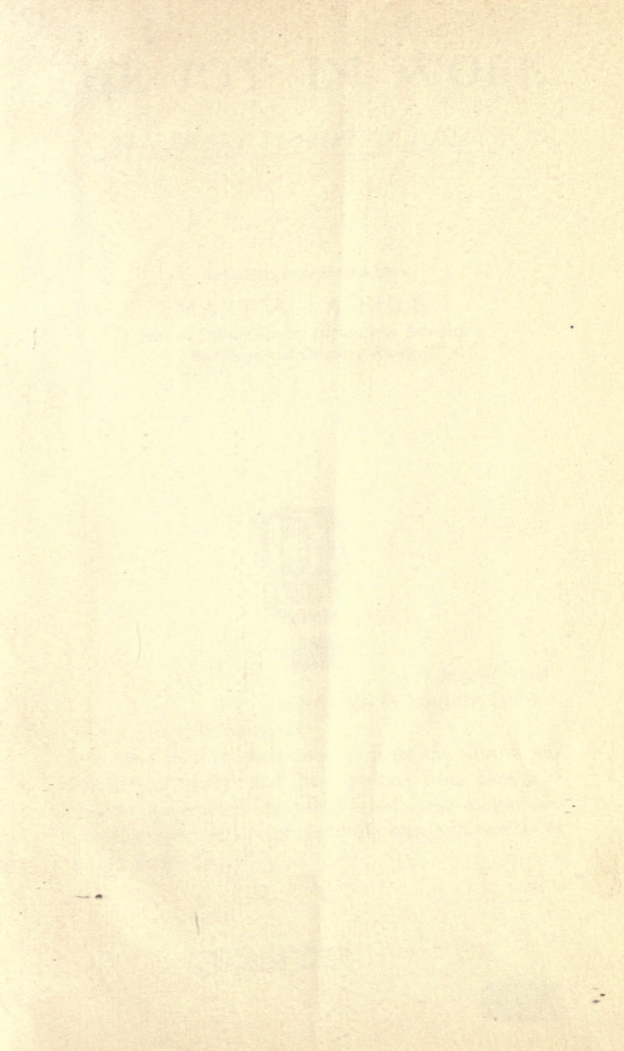


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JOY IN WORK



THE JOY IN WORK

TEN SHORT STORIES OF TODAY

SELECTED AND EDITED BY

MARY A. LASELLE

Editor of "Short Stories of the New America"
"The Home and Country Readers"



they

with a steady hand?

aves to be chaste, knightly, faithful,

word and deed?

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May, 1928

FOREWORD

Let us read what is said by men of vision in regard to the joy in work:

JOHN RUSKIN:

"Ask the laborer in the field, at the forge, or even in the mine; ask the patient, delicate-fingered artizan, or the strong-armed fiery-hearted worker in bronze and in marble and with the colors of light; and none of these who are true workmen will ever tell you that they have found the law of heaven an unkind one — that in the sweat of their face they shall eat bread till they return to the ground; nor that they ever found it an unrewarded obedience, if indeed, it was rendered faithfully to the command — Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.

Can they (our youth) plow, can they sow, can they plant at the right time or build with a steady hand? Is it the effort of their lives to be chaste, knightly, faithful, — lovely in word and deed?

We have to turn their courage from the toil of war to the toil of mercy; and their intellect from dispute of words to discernment of things; and their knighthood from the errantry of adventure to the state and fidelity of a kingly power."

THOMAS CARLYLE:

"There is a perennial nobleness and sacredness in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man who actually and earnestly works; in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness — How as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble forces through the sour mud-swamps of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there it runs and flows; draining off the sour, festering water; making instead of pestilential swamp, a green, fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream."

"The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON:

"Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

"The reward of a thing well-done is to have done it." ✓

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON:

"I know what pleasure is for I have done good work." ✓

CHARLES DICKENS:

"Whatever I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put my hand to anything on which I would not throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been my golden rules."

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THE AUTHORS AND THE STORIES

JAMES BRENDAN CONNOLLY is a famous author of sea stories. These tales are written with a power of description, a realism and a sympathy for sea-going folk, especially for fisher folk, that make them not only interesting as sea stories but also authentic and valuable information in regard to all phases of sea-going life.

Mr. Connolly is a native of Boston, but inherits the emotional qualities of the Celt and a love of the sea and of sea-going occupations.

This author had the honor of winning the first Olympic championship of modern times at Athens in 1898. He also won the \$5000 prize offered by Collier's for the best tale of the sea. This story was entitled *The Trawler*.

Some of Mr. Connolly's other tales of the sea are, *The U-Boat Hunters*, *Running Free*, *Wide Courses*, *Open Water*, *The Crested Seas*, *The Deep Sea Toll* and *Out of Gloucester*, from which the beautiful story of *The Fisherman of Costla* is taken for this book.

DOROTHY CANFIELD (Dorothea Frances Canfield Fisher), the author of *The Day of Glory*, from which *France's Fighting Woman Doctor* was taken, is not only one of the most brilliant and convincing present-day writers of fiction, but she is also of international fame as a writer upon educational subjects, and a noble, broad-

mind woman who worked indefatigably in rendering help to soldiers made blind during the war in Europe.

Some of Dorothy Canfield's best known fiction is *The Squirrel Cage* and *The Bent Twig*, and under her married name, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, she has produced several educational works. Among them are *The Montessori Mother* and *Mothers and Children*.

During her years of war work in France, Mrs. Fisher secured from personal observation the material for two books which have made a tremendous appeal to America. These are *Home Fires in France* and *The Day of Glory*.

In *France's Fighting Woman Doctor*, Mrs. Fisher gives an account of the wonderful work of Dr. Nicole Girard-Mangin. She says of this physician, "She is a human being of the highest type, giving to her country the highest sort of service, and remaining normal, sane and well-balanced."

Those who know of the work of Mrs. Fisher for literature, for education, and for humanity feel that the above characterization could be truthfully and aptly given also of the author of *The Day of Glory*.

HERMANN HAGEDORN has described the joy of Theodore Roosevelt's life upon a western ranch in a sincere and sympathetic manner.

Mr. Hagedorn is an author and patriot who strives in all his writing for the development of the highest American ideals. His first noteworthy literary effort was the splendid ode written for his Class Day at Harvard, *A Troop of the Guard Rides Forth To-day*.

Mr. Hagedorn says of Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to assist him in securing material for *The Boys' Life of Roosevelt*: "He has opened doors which only he could open: he has turned over the diaries of his boyhood and of his later hunting days; with a patience and good nature which showed no abatement, he has allowed himself to be catechized in person and by letter."

In the prologue to *The Boys' Life of Roosevelt*, the author says, "Theodore Roosevelt was the epitome of the Great Hundred Million; the visible, individual expression of the American people in this first quarter of the twentieth century. He was the typical American. A level-headed winner, a loser who could grin, his glory was not that he was extraordinary, but that he was so complete an expression of the best aspirations of the average American. He was the fulfiller of our good intentions; he was the doer of the heroic things we all want to do and somehow don't quite manage to accomplish."

"He knew us and we knew him. He was human, he was our kind, and, being our kind, his successes and his fame were somehow our successes and our fame likewise."

The extract here given describes Mr. Roosevelt's experiences in 1884.

H. C. BUNNER was a New York journalist, the editor of *Puck*, the author of some very graceful, delicate verse, and an excellent story teller.

Some of his best fiction is *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane*, *Love in Old Cloathes*, *Zadoc Pine* and *Other*

x THE AUTHORS AND THE STORIES

Stories, The Story of A New York House, and Short Sixes.

In *Zadoc Pine* Mr. Bunner has taught the valuable lesson of individual effort — even if unskilled — and he makes delicious fun of the attempts of “union labor” to dictate in regard to the work of our hero.

In *Flamsted Quarries*, MARY E. WALLER, the author of the famous *Wood-Carver of 'Lympus*, has written a story that is a powerful exposition of present-day conditions of American social and industrial life, and has emphasized very strongly the nobility and dignity of work and its healing power.

In this narrative we watch the transformation of a quiet back-country New England village into the life-center of a great and far-reaching industry.

In a tale rich in entertainment and full of courage and tenderness we make the acquaintance of good Father Honoré and other firmly drawn characters and we see how the life problems of a half-dozen nationalities center in their work in the granite quarries, which the good Father interpreted to them as they clustered about him in the meeting which this chapter records.

STEWART EDWARD WHITE is an authority upon out-of-door life and the accomplishing of the great tasks upon the rivers and in the forests that have entered into the making of industrial America.

When Mr. White writes of the Northwestern timber lands, of the Arizona deserts, of the silent places filled with the mystery and poetry of the wilderness, the reader

feels that authoritative and fascinating tales are being unfolded to him.

The Rules of the Game is a book big with the grandeur of the gigantic forests and alive with the vitality of the strong men in the forefront of the progressive industry of America.

In the offices of the plant in which Bobby Orde was a failure because of his inaccuracy, and in the forests of Michigan and of the California Sierras where he finds his place in the world, the story of his rise in the ranks of the lumbermen is filled with keen outdoor interest and spirited adventure.

Some of Mr. White's other books are, *The Riverman*, *Arizona Nights*, *The Blazed Trail*, *Blazed Trail Stories*, *The Silent Places*, *The Adventures of Bobby Orde*, *The Westerners*, *The Claim Jumpers*, *The Forest*, *The Mountains*, *The Pass*, *Camp and Trail*.

HAMLIN GARLAND, author of *The Last Threshing in the Coulee* from *A Son of the Middle Border*, is a well-known American author and dramatist, who was born and bred on a farm in Wisconsin, worked on his father's farm, taught school, took up land in Dakota and found his real life-work in authorship in Boston. Mr. Garland now resides in New York City, where he has produced fiction of high literary value. His greatest accomplishment, however, has been to describe with realism and force the life of the Middle West.

Some of his other best known books are *Main-Traveled Roads*, *Prairie Songs*, *The Long Trail*, and *Other Main Traveled Roads*.

NORMAN DUNCAN, author of *Dr. Grenfell's Parish* has been characterized by Dr. Grenfell as "a high-souled, generous idealist." He has written of many strange lands and people, and always with a discerning eye but a very tender touch.

Among his most powerful tales are those of the Northland, as these are stories of life reduced to its elements.

One of his best known books is *Dr. Luke of the Labrador*.

Whether he wrote of the immigrants of the East Side of New York, of the rough lumberjacks of the Northwest, or of the deep-sea fishermen, he always saw the human soul in every lowly person, and respected it.

In *The Making of a Basket* by KATE M. FOGARTY we secure an insight into the charming fancies that are in the minds of the Indian women as they picture their ideals of beauty and the history of their tribes in their work in basketry.

Nihabe, with her contempt of the buyer's gold, her reverence for artistic workmanship and for the traditions of her tribe, and her womanly love for her husband's beautiful gift, claims our admiration and respect.

From the Depths of Things by LAWRENCE PERRY gives us the spirit of high adventure which makes the race of the two old tramp steamers through the Atlantic a very fascinating tale. We may not sympathize with the owners who would risk human lives for the sake of evading the McKinley tariff, but the humor of the nar-

rative, the "dreaming" of the engineer of the *Climax* as he walks the oily passage in the interior of the old boat, as contrasted with his indomitable spirit, all make a most interesting story.

Jan 27/36

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THE JOY IN WORK

CXC

I

A FISHERMAN OF COSTLA

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The captain of the coast steamer almost laughed aloud at the absurdity of the question. "Cross to Kilronan, in the outer Arran Island, to-day? No, sir, not for all the money your clients have in prospect. Even if my steamer had not two loose plates forward, and her condenser all out of gear, as my engineer says, I would not head her out in the bay to-day — not for all the money of one of your American millionaires. No, sir."

"But consider the urgency," panted the stranger. "Consider —"

"Consider the urgency? Consider the steamer," retorted the captain. "Lord, you'd never need to say you've just arrived from strange parts. If you'd been in Galway for more than ten minutes, you'd have known that this howling westerly gale that's sweeping in on this coast would make a junk-pile in quick order of any old iron steamer of the tonnage of mine. In quick order, yes, sir — up on the rocks she'd go — it's all rocks on this coast. And then where would my captain's papers be?"

"Name your price," persisted the stranger. He

dropped his suit-case, put his hand to his inside coat-pocket, and drew out a thick wallet. "Name your price. I'll charter the steamer for a week, and you can have her back at the end of twenty-four hours, and it's only two hours' run to Kilronan, as you said yourself. Two hours out and two hours back, four hours steaming besides the waiting while I'm looking over the records with your parish priest and parish clerk — six hours all told and my business will be done with. What do you say? Name your price."

"No, no, I'm sorry, but I would not try it even if my steamer was ready, for the value of the whole estate you say may be at stake. No, no," replied the steamer captain.

"Then what am I to do? At the hotel I stopped just long enough to make inquiries, and they sent me to you. They told me that if you would not take me to Arran, nobody out of Galway would take me, unless it were a Claddagh fisherman across the harbor in one of their little sailing-vessels. And then they added that if I could get a fisherman ready to risk it, it is more than likely he could not do anything against this storm — it's a head wind to Arran."

"They told you right. Lord bless you, no hooker could ever beat out this gale. Kilronan bears about west from here, and this wind's straight from the west-north-west. If the wind was blowing from offshore now, why you might speak of taking a hooker, if you would find anybody crazy enough to try it. Though as for that part of it, you'll find Irishmen crazy enough to try almost

anything — I mean if you can show 'em a half-decent reason for it. They won't do it just for the money, remember — no, sir, not for all the money that wallet of yours'll hold — but if you could work up their feelings —”

“If the wind were blowing from off-shore?” repeated the stranger absently. “But is there no place around here on the coast from which the wind blows toward Arran?”

“Ha! Why, that's so, too! There's the north shore — there's Costla. From Costla to Kilronan the wind won't be behind you, mind, but it will be a fair wind — fair enough for a passage. But, my soul, think of the risk.”

“Risk? — in the boat?”

“In the boat? — yes — crossing Galway Bay in this gale.”

“Would your fishermen here be afraid? They told me other tales of them, captain.” The stranger smiled in an exasperating way.

“See here,” said the captain. “Don't you run away with any notion that our fishermen hereabouts won't fish when any other men on earth would go out and fish in small boats. But let me tell you, it's one thing to fish because the wife and children at home need the help, and another thing — here,” the captain broke off with some heat, “look here now, and I'll tell you. A while ago you said you'd go to any labor and any risk to reach Kilronan to-day, and be back here to-morrow morning?”

“Yes,” said the stranger, “any labor and any risk so

as to be back here and aboard the train that will connect with the White Star steamer out of Queenstown tomorrow morning. If I don't do this thing, and take that steamer so as to be back in time, my trip over here is of no avail. And it means more than a dead loss of time and money to the firm. I'm a young lawyer in a big office, and this thing means a lot to me. You tell me what to do and I'll do it at any risk."

"You will? Well, you go to Costla — that's on the coast on the north side of Galway Bay, as I said. It's the nearest place on the mainland to Kilonan. There's a fair road from here to there; it's on the mail-car route that goes out of the western side of Galway. You go to Costla. First, of course, you go to the Royal Hotel up the street — that's where you just came from — and tell them you want a jaunting-car, a fast horse, and a good driver. Get Pat Kelley if you can, and have him arrange to have a fresh horse for you at Spiddle. There's always a fresh horse to be had at Spiddle, and that's half way to Costla. You ought to be at Costla Bay in two hours and a half. It's twenty-five miles. When you get to Costla, ask for Gerald Donohue. Anybody will tell you where to find him, though, there being two Gerald's, you want to ask for the right one. One has a son in the Coast Guards. You don't want him — he's old and stays ashore now. You want the other Gerald that's a fisherman and has no son in the Coast Guards. He did have a son that would be old enough for that now, but he lost him the time the last big wave swept over Glasher Rock. Anyway, you tell Gerald what you

told me when you first hopped off that car a while ago. Tell him that if you can't get those records with the proper certification and be back aboard to-morrow morning's New York steamer out of Queenstown, your clients — a family of children, did you say? — well, tell him they'll lose a fortune. Tell Gerald that and put it strong to him. Tell him what you told me, that the fortunes of those children, whose father was Kilronan born, may be hanging on your getting to Kilronan and back by to-night, and trust Gerald to put you across the bay to Arran Island if any living man will do it. And if he gets you across to Arran, then he'll make small work of bringing you on to Galway afterward, for it will be a fair wind from Arran back to Galway. He'll only have to keep her from swamping on the way back. And if Gerald won't do it, you can give it up — no man on the coast will do it."

"Thank you, thank you, I'm off. O jarvey —" the stranger leaped to the jaunting-car — "to the Royal Hotel! Lash her now!"

The captain gazed after him. "The Lord save us, I wonder is there ever one of them American business men that's got time to take a full breath."

II

It was at ten o'clock in the morning that the American left the steamer-captain. At one in the afternoon he was down by a small stone quay at an inner point of Costla Bay talking to a fisherman of the place, Gerald Donohue, the right Gerald Donohue, the one that had no son in

the Coast Guards. Stout, bearded, and hardy-looking was Gerald of the blue eyes and simple speech.

"Sure it's the moving tale you're telling me," he was saying. "But do you think what it means if my little vessel is lost? The wife and the small childer —"

"Well, as to that, Mister Donohue, I can only say that the heirs — the people we're fighting for — will see that your family shall not want. When they hear the story, as hear it they must, for I'll be with you and they'll naturally make inquiries — if we're lost then you can count on it that your family will not be forgotten. It won't be a hundred pounds, or two hundred, or three hundred that they —"

Gerald raised his hand. "We'll not speak of the money. The man that would cross Galway Bay to-day for money, and wife and childer behind him, would be staining his soul with the black marks of a sin that the fires o' Purgatory would never burn out — never. But for Dannie Costello's childer that has to fight for the money he left behind sure 'tis a hard thing. The childer that can't get their own father's money — man, but it is the hard nature that is fighting them. I knew Dannie for ten years before he left Arran — the one age we were. And him the manager of a boy before he was old enough to walk. And a fine, kind boy he was. And only the year before last he sent fifty pound at Christmas-time for the little stone church they're trying to build in Kilronan. Yes, sir, the big heart had Dannie. And now he's dead, you tell me, and they're schemin', the villains, to keep the poor childer out o' the money. Sure

an awful thing is law now, isn't it? Here, Tammie"—he turned to a twelve-year-old lad who was standing near and watching the surf break over the rocks below him. "Tammie, run up to the house like a good boy and get the two suits of oil-clothes—make haste now—while I will be reefing down the mainsail and taking in a bit of the jib. Make haste, Tammie, for it's makin' the wind is all the time. Yes, sir, it must be makin' when it isn't going down. And it's big boots and plenty of oil-clothes we'll need this day. And do yourself get into the hooker, sir, yourself and your valise, while I do be reefin' down."

The "hooker" was a black-painted, or rather black-tarred, jib-and-mainsail boat of perhaps twenty-five feet on deck and eight feet beam. Forward she was decked over but aft was merely an open space, wherein was a lot of broken rock in her bottom for ballast. Having been used at odd times for carrying peat to the islands in the bay, a great deal of loose loam had managed to sift down into the crevices of the stone, thereby giving more than usual stability to the ballast.

The lawyer stood on the ballast and watched the fierce surf as it broke over the rocks that edged the little bay. He could not quite see the full glory of the surf of the greater bay outside, the bay they were soon to attempt to cross, but he saw enough to get a faint idea of what it might be like, and as he pondered over the prospect he began to experience his first slight sinking of the heart since he left Galway and almost to wish that to somebody else had fallen what now promised to be a hazardous undertaking.

While the lawyer was soberly meditating the fisherman was rushing preparations. Three reefs were put in the black mainsail, and the jib was taken in until not more than half its original size was spread. The hatch to the little hole forward was battened down and running gear overhauled. Gerald did not like the look of the jib. "It's old, and a touch of rot in it. If there was time, there's a bit of a storm-sail below I would put on her by way of a jib instead of that old rag, but there's not the time — here comes Tammie, with his load of boots and oil-clothes.

"Throw it aboard, Tammie.

"Ah, poor b'y, ye had a great load of it, sure enough. Here, sir —" he turned to his passenger — "take off your shoes and get into a pair of these boots, and put the oil-clothes over your other clothes. Be sure but you will need them."

They were soon ready. "Push off, Tammie," said the fisherman to his boy. "Pole her off to the end of the quay, and then go back and tell your mother I won't be back for three days maybe, for I'll have to go to Galway to put the gentleman on his way. Go back now."

"Can't I go with you, father?" asked the boy.

"Go with me! The Lord forbid — sure the hair would rise off your head with the fright when you'd see the waves out in the big bay."

"I wouldn't be afraid with you, father."

"Whisht! and go along with you. 'Tis your mother wouldn't sleep till you was back again. Go home now, and tell her as I just told you to tell her —"

"She knows where you're going. When I asked for the big boots and oil-clothes, she asked me what you wanted them for, and I told her."

"You did? And what did she say?"

"She said, 'Tis the foolish man your father is, Tammie, but God speed him.' Can't I stay on the high rocks and watch you sail across, father?" pleaded the boy.

"No, b'y, no. It's too windy and cold there."

"But I want to see you sail the hooker across the bay, father. It's fast she'll sail in this wind, and I want to see her go."

"Then go up to the Coast-Guard station and watch from there with your cousin Malachi. 'Tis there you will be able to see beautiful from the look-out up top. Go now, Tammie, and say God-speed for us."

Under the fisherman's hands the little hooker was skilfully worked from out of this rock-strewn inlet of water known as Costla Bay into the much larger body of water known as Galway Bay. The American had only to dodge the spray as it came aboard, and Gerald to dodge with the hooker the rocks that stuck their sharp points above the surface.

"Look across now," said Gerald — they were clear of the sunken rocks inside — "that's Arran you see ahead. Eleven mile from here — just beyond where you see the water all white. That's the surf breaking there — if you can see it."

"I think I can see it, but I'm not sure." From the stern of the jumping hooker the lawyer was trying to see things ahead and at the same time keep his feet.

"Not sure, ye say? Faith, but it's the weak eyes a man gets when he stops long ashore. That's Kilronan, and the long stone wall there is the pier. That's where we are going, if God is willing — to the other side of that pier. Now keep under the rail and out of the wet, if you can, for we're fair into it now."

✓ What the American knew of the practical workings of the sea had been gained altogether from his recent trip between New York and Queenstown. For one twenty-four hours during that six days' passage there had been enacted what the saloon referred to as "an awful storm." Some spray had come aboard the main deck of the liner, and most of the passengers lay in their berths while the awful storm should go by. Our young lawyer had been among the brave ones who had stuck it out in the smoking-room. He remembered very well how he had been thinking of the future time when he should be reeling off the details of that storm to home circles. But that steamer was 600 feet in length, with a wall of sixty feet from the water's surface to the top-rail, and, to preserve the proportions, this little hooker was about the size of one of the liner's deck-boats, with less than two feet of freeboard — that is, when she stood on an even keel. To preserve the proportions, this little vessel should be now sailing in a mill-pond in a summer zephyr. Even that something less than two feet of freeboard would have been a most comforting thing were it there now, which it was not, for the hooker by now, working clear of the main shore, and the wind coming abeam, was taking a great slant. At first she only rolled over to her deck

amidships, and the water did not bother them over-much. Spray had come across her bows from the very first, but, as they went on, sheets of spray began to come over bows, midship, and quarter, and slap them from head to toe even when they crouched back in the stern. Still, even the lawyer did not mind that. He had some philosophy in his make-up, and, having been warned by that surf over the rocks of Costla Bay, he had made up his mind to some discomfort. But it was not until the hooker had worked out from the lee of the land for a mile or so, and the real force of the wind from all the wide Atlantic began to hit her, that the young man from the inland region of a great continent began to see more clearly than ever that he had embarked on an enterprise of some risk. He derived his greatest pleasure, after they were well into it, from discovering the rail when it showed above the sea, as it did every now and then when the fisherman held her up a trifle.

The fisherman seemed to read the young man's thoughts. "I could make it a bit more pleasant," he explained, "but we would never make Kilronan if I did. If we went to looard we'd never in this world work her back in the wind."

"I see," said the lawyer, "but doesn't she lay rather away over sometimes? Isn't there danger?"

"Danger? — not a bit. Not yet, anyway. Don't you worry now. So she shows the rail anywhere near the level water you're safe as if you was in the Coast-Guard station we left behind us. 'Tis when she puts that plank above her rail under — that plank that's used to hold the

turf in her whenever we have a big load of it — now when that goes under water will be the time to say a quick litany, especially if the ballast shifts.”

“That plank under! Good Lord! wouldn’t she turn bottom up then?”

“I couldn’t say. I never tried her, but it is likely, sir.”

✓ “And if she tips over, what shall we do?”

“Troth, and I couldn’t say as to that, either; but swim, I’m thinkin’.”

“Swim! I’d have but a small chance, then, when I can barely swim a hundred yards in the smoothest water.”

“Faith, then we’d last the one as long as the other, for sorra the stroke at all can I swim. But that’s neither here nor there, for it’s the small chance we’d have if she capsized here. Look at her now, sir.”

The hooker was then lifting so that the lawyer, gazing at her forward deck, could easily imagine himself looking uphill; and when she pitched down and her bows went clear under until she was all water to her mast, he thought she was about to engulf herself. That was happening almost continuously, but she did have steady streaks. When the wind was steady, she simply lay down while the sea rushed over her side and swirled over the feet of the two men in the stern.

“The Lord save us, but she’s making great time, isn’t she, sir? Great speed, but maybe ’twouldn’t do her no harm if you was to keep the bailer going. That’s the bailer, that tin pail there by your valise. Man, but that valise is catching it — and a finer valise I never set eyes on.

I know it's a shame, too, to make a regular-paid passenger work his way, but with yourself bailing you'll have a better chance to make that same passage you'll be paying for later, if you make it. 'Tis the great sport sailing when you're sure you'll get home all right, isn't it, sir?"

"Yes," answered the lawyer, "it must be." His voice had not the viking ring, but his bailing was all that could be desired. ✓

The hooker footed on, with the seas tossing her about as a wooden bucket is tumbled in a beach surf. She went down into the hollows until the lawyer thought she was never coming up, and she went up on the heights until he thought she would stay up altogether. The seas were green and each had a crest of white that reminded the landsman of the long teeth of an angry dog. The body of the sea would rush on, and by its sheer weight throw the hooker far and high, then the white teeth would leap up and pounce down and make as if trying to tear her planks apart.

The lawyer, to gather inspiration, would look up now and then from his bailing to study the face of the fisherman. Once he fancied he saw a fleeting shade of worryment in the blue eyes. With some trepidation he asked if there were anything wrong. If this man of the sea was disturbed, certainly it was time for himself, a landsman, to watch out. ✓

"That jib there," answered the fisherman after a long gaze forward; "I've been thinkin' it won't hold much longer. Beginnin' to rip it is at the foot of it. Stand up now and hold the tiller when I put her in the wind.

Wait, wait until I put her into the wind. Have a care now, and let me show you. By the Lord, but that was a blast! Och, it's gone! May the devil go with it!" The jib had ripped from the foot up, and was slatting off in strips to leeward, like half a dozen long-tailed burgees.

"Hold her as she is," said the fisherman. "She'll stay there now while I dive into the hold for'ard for a bit of storm-sail that we'll make a jib of. I always mistrusted that old jib."

The hooker rode the waves so much more easily with her head to the wind that the lawyer, though he had not the slightest idea of how it was all brought about, wondered why they had not done something like this before. Certainly this was better than to let her heel over until she threatened to roll bottom up.

Forward the fisherman had got out a small triangle of canvas, and was swiftly making ready to attach it to the old jib sheet and halyards. To expedite matters he was forced to lie out on the little bowsprit and allow himself to be buried with that plunging stick every time a sea came his way. He quickly made a pair of rough hanks of a piece of old line, cut away such pieces of the old jib as threatened to hamper operations, came back inboard and hoisted away on his halyards.

"There," said he, jumping aft, beard, hair, and the oil-skins running brine, "there. Now we'll go our way again."

The hooker lay over again, and the lawyer resumed his

bailing, stopping only long enough to ask Gerald why he could not have kept her as she was when he was putting the new sail in place. "She was so steady then," he said, "so steady — that is, compared to what she is now."

"Steady, yes," said Gerald, grimly. "A pity she wouldn't be half-way steady, and she hove-to. But let her lay so long enough and think you where would she be, or where would you be or me be? Look over the rail at your elbow now. See where the sea breaks over that ledge. Twenty feet high it spouts, and that ledge runs far out from the shore into the bay. That's where she'd drift, and we'd be fools enough to let her. How long would you live, I'm asking you, sir, in that b'iling — if you was lucky enough not to break your bones in the first smash?"

"Oh," said the lawyer, "I didn't know." After a pause he continued: "No, I didn't know. If I knew what it was going to be I would never have dragged you out here, nor come out here myself — no, not for all the reputation I ever expect to make. I didn't know."

"What!" exclaimed the fisherman, "and Dannie's childer dependin' on ye?"

"Oh, I forget them. Yes, I would come — but what's that awful place ahead?"

"That's where the shoal makes out from Arran. That's the bad spot for us. 'Tis that we'll have to weather if ever we make Kilronan. Man, but it's cruel to look at, isn't it now? There's where we'll have to let her take the wind in full. All this time, d' y' see, we've

been close-hauled, but we'll have to swing her off now if we'd pass here. Watch out now and get a hold of something if you love life."

He put the tiller up into the wind, and around came her head. The wind took her fairly, and over she went. The lawyer thought she was going altogether, and the fisherman said "Holy Mary!" Her solid rail went far under, and the turf-board above that went clear under also, and the water that rushed into the open part of her aft seemed about to swamp her.

"She's going!" called the lawyer—"My God, she's going!" He grabbed the tiller in his excitement.

"Let be the tiller—I'm steering! Take a grip of my waist, or anything, but let be the tiller!"

"I'm up to my knees," said the lawyer.

"To your knees, is it! Man, but you'll be up to your waist, maybe, before she stops, and then over your head, maybe. Hold on now—hold on yet. Holy Mary, but she's getting it. But, by the Lord, she'll make it yet. She's coming, by my soul, she's coming. 'Twas a blow that, but she'll right yet. Give her a chance, give her a chance now."

For a full two minutes she lay there, within an ace of being hove-down before she showed signs of coming up. Then slowly she began to right, with the fisherman nursing her. Slowly, slowly she came up. She was safe at last. For a while she was logy as any old derelict with the loose water that sloshed about in the open space aft, but she had righted and that was the really important thing.

"A bad little place that, sir," observed Gerald when he had got her straightened away again. "A point makes out from the shoals there, d' y' see? We had to shoot around it like, y' see, and that made all the trouble. 'Twas that more than all the rest of the passage, though the Lord knows 'tis rough enough it is — but 'twas that's been on my mind the last half hour. You didn't know that? Why would you? — but the Lord be thanked we're by it now. There's been more than one vessel cap-sized and more than one crew lost there, though 'twasn't all of them had ballast that stood like ours. Man, but the turf between the stones under our feet — 'tis as good as the pig iron and the melted lead they puts in the bottom of the yachts. Yes, sir, every bit as good. When it holds, I mean. Sometimes it don't hold. And maybe it was the hand o' God — that jib blowing out back there. If it didn't go then, 'twould go that last time and that was a bad place to be stopping to bend on a new sail — don't you think but it was, sir?"

"Yes," said the lawyer. Still bewildered, he stood looking back at the boiling point they had passed. "Awful, awful, wasn't it?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, sir — awful, you might say, but don't stop bailing now because we're past it. She'll be a bit livelier, d' y' see, with some of the water out of her. That's why I have the stern of her with a few planks out — so the water that comes over the rail will go back in the sea again." He grinned slyly. "She gets clear of a lot of water that way. But keep bailing — you're doin' fine at the bailing, sir."

The lawyer continued to bail, and Gerald held to the tiller until the happy moment when they shot around the end of the pier. "There," said Gerald, "we're in at last, and here's Kilronan." He pointed the hooker up for the pier, cast loose the halyards, let the sails run, and dropped her gently alongside the pier steps.

"And are we here?" asked the lawyer, as if he could hardly believe it.

"Here you are — yes, sir — Kilronan. Go up those steps ahead, and from the top of the pier you can see the parish priest's place. The parish priest and the parish clark will have all the records you'll be wanting, I think. And there's a notary or something like that who will do the swearing the clark can't do. And while you're gone I'll be eating some bread and fish and making a cup of tea, for I've had no dinner this day and I'm fair famished. When you get back, sir, we'll put for Galway. Make haste, sir, and if the Lord is good, you'll be in time for your Queenstown steamer in the morning."

In two hours the young lawyer came back, radiant. "It's all right, it's all right," he sang out to Gerald.

"Is it? Well that's fine. And now we'll off to Galway. Come aboard, sir."

"Will it be bad going to Galway? Any more of those bad shoal points to be passed?"

"Not a bit. 'Tis only running we'll be going to Galway in this wind. We have but to hold her up past the light-house till we're well into Gregory Sound, and we're all right. She'll make great dives with her head, but it's hard to capsize her that way — head first. 'Twill be


rough, maybe, till we're past the Sound, but after that we'll put for the lee of the islands, and with a fair wind and smooth water and Dan Costello's childer in mind and we'll have you in Galway to-night, with the help of God."

That night in his room at the hotel in Galway, and while he was waiting for the porters to put his few pieces of baggage in the jaunting-car, the American drew out his thick wallet to settle up with the fisherman. He laid five £10 Bank of England notes on the table. "There, Captain Donohue," said he, "there's your £50 as promised, and your work was worth it ten times over."

Donohue regarded him with wonder. "Fifty pounds? No, no —" he pushed the money back across the table — "no, no; I'm not taking £50 out of you, sir. Let me have two pounds, a pound for to-day, and a pound for another day I'll be waiting here while the gale blows by."

"Two pounds? Don't be foolish now, Captain. I said this morning that I'd give you £50 to take me across Galway Bay. And here are the fifty pounds that I said I'd give you."

"Yes, yes, you said you'd give me it, but I never said I'd take it. Put up your money. It isn't for the money I'd be risking making a widder of Mora and orphans of the childer. No, sir; two pounds is my price this day — one day to-day, and another day to-morrow when I won't be able to get back to Costla, by the look of things now. No, no, sir; I'm telling you now 'tis never for money I'd do it. Forty years ago, when I was a little



lad, I knew Dannie Costello. 'Twas Dan put me many's the time in the way of makin' a shillin' with him now and again. Dan Costello was good to me. And 'twas a long ways a shillin' went in them days — starvation days we had then. Yes, 'tis true, we haven't too many comforts now, but we manage to get along. When you see the childer again, sir — and if they are anything like their father, sir, sure they'll be the fine childer — when you see them, give my respects to them, sir. A friend of their father's, tell them. Tell them that, if you will, and I'll thank you. Two pounds — no more, no more. What? The sail? Well, put in a pound for the old sail. Troth, and it was an old sail, and I'll be cheating you at that. Three pounds I'll take. No more. I couldn't. Thank you, sir, and hurry now if you would catch the cars for Queenstown. Good-by, sir, good-by, and remember me kindly to Dan Costello's childer."

III

When the roar of the hurrying train had become no more than one of a thousand other far-away echoes in the night, the fisherman returned through the narrow streets of the old city to the big dock, to the end of which was tied his little hooker. He sloshed around with the tin pail and bailed out such water as he could find by feeling in the dark. He shook the reefs out of the mainsail, hoisted it clear to the blocks, that it might have a chance to dry, and then looked up at the shadow of it as it hung. "There, that's off my mind, and now for a little

bit of comfort." He felt his way forward and dropped through the hatchway into the little hole of a cabin.

Here he groped about in the extreme darkness until his fingers rubbed against a piece of a candle and a card of matches that protruded from somewhere up between the deck-planking and a transverse beam. The matches he struck one after the other until he got one that would stay alight long enough to get the candle going. He raked over the ashes on the little stone slab that served him for a hearth, but found them all damp. "Man," he murmured, "but the water surely came through her old j'int's this day." He went to a locker, took out a small piece of very soft wood, from which, after whittling into shavings, he managed to get a tiny blaze. "The very air has salt water in it," he whispered to himself. After another while he felt hopeful of getting a kettle of water to boil. "'Twas good the locker's half-way dry with the wood in it. We'll have tea yet, by the Lord." The thought gave him intense satisfaction. "A pot of fine hot tea, yes, and something to eat with it. And I'm fair famished." From the bottom of a tin box he took out a sliver of salt fish and a scone of bread. "Faith, but that's fine luck — just enough for a bite for myself. Not a great deal of it — a child could eat it, and Father Doherty himself wouldn't say it was too much for a fast-day, but 'twill go fine after the wet, hard day — fine, fine." He shook out the last pinch of tea from the caddy into the kettle.

The water was slow to boil, and the smoke of the fire drove him to the hatchway for fresh air. "I'll have to

get a little chimby for this place another year — the smoke of it sometimes is fair overpowerin'." He gazed out of the hatch and across the dark waters. "A wee little bit more and I could see Costla Bay with the lights in the Coast-Guard station — yes. Mora, 'tis little is the sleep you'll be giving yourself this night nor another night till I'm home again. Sure the childer themselves, the wee little ones, will be asking for their father when they hear the wind scream over the rocks of Costla. And off in America now — what place was it that young man said? — some saint city away, oh, far away, from the coast. But never mind. 'If ever you come t' America, Captain Donohue —' says he. 'I'm no captain,' says I. 'I'm master with one grown lad for a crew, of a little black hooker — a fisherman of Costla am I,' says I. 'Well, captain or no captain,' says he, 'there's commanders in the R'yal Navy,' says he, 'and in every other navy,' says he, 'that wouldn't crossed Galway Bay to-day for all their hopes of promotion. And if ever you come to St. Louis' — that's it, St. Louis, by my soul — 'if ever you come to St. Louis, be sure to come to me, and 'tis myself and Dan Costello's children will have the warm welcome for you — yes,' he said that. Oh, oh, the poor childer that's the thousands of miles livin' from where their father was born. And havin' the law to fight with it! Wirra, wirra, but the Lord needs to be good to childer that's got the law to fight. Yes, indeed, yes."

He took another long look toward Costla ere he dropped below. He noted the progress of the boiling kettle of tea. "In a minute 'twill be done. A bite to eat, a sup

to drink, and my pipe, and then to a good sleep. My pipe, where is it? Yes, yes, to be sure, where I left it on the shelf in the bunk." He reached across the bunk and began to feel about for the pipe. The weight of his arm on the blankets caused him to disturb a small body that was huddled deep among the bed-clothes. The body, squirming, startled the fisherman. "My soul! what's that!"

The bundle rolled over and spoke. "It's me, father."

"Tammie, Tammie, you scart me most to death. How on earth came you here, Tammie?"

"I asked mother could I come, and she said yes, and the driver of the mail-cart took me up. I wanted to be sure you got to Galway. You know you said maybe the gale would last so you mightn't be home for three days, and I wanted to go back and tell mother in the morning."

"Back to Costla in the morning? And if the mail-car is full and no room for the likes of you?"

"Then I can walk, father."

"The Lord save us, but it's little boys that makes us ashamed, with the faith they has," said Gerald. "Here, come out of that bunk that's as wet as the wide bay, till I put in it some of my old clothes from the locker — the locker, the only dry place in the hooker, and it isn't over-dry at that. They'll be poor bed-clothes, but they'll be half-way dry for you, alanna. And how did you come aboard anonst to me?"

"I was waiting for you since the mail-cart got in at eight o'clock. I saw you when you came in the dock.

and then I saw you and the American gentleman go to the hotel. I knew you would be back here when I saw you go to the station with him, so I came down here and I was waiting for you here, but I fell asleep while I was waiting, father."

"Oh, the poor b'y. And you're hungry, I'll be bound, Tammie?"

"A little, father."

"'A little, father'? Come here by the fire. You're fair famished. Don't try and hide it from me. Can't I see it in the mouth and the eyes of you —'tis fair famished you are. Here now, here's the fine dried hake, and the fine scone your mother baked yesterday mornin', and the fine hot tea. Eat and drink now and then go to sleep with you."

"And won't you eat too, father?"

"Me eat? Sure, didn't me and the gentleman ate till we almost busted at the hotel?"

"At the hotel? What did you have there, father? Was it fine? and a lot of it?"

"'Fine? and a lot of it?' There was everything any man could think of, and a lot some men could never think of. There was turkey and duck and puddin'—"

"Plum-puddin', father?"

"Plum-puddin' and three other kinds."

"Ooh!"

"And pasties and grapes and jellies and oranges and bananas and cake — oh, there was lashin's of everything, things I don't know the names of at all."

"M-m-m — but you did eat a lot for the little time you was in the hotel, father."

"For the little time? Of course. We raced through it so we wouldn't miss the cars. And how did you come to know we was in the hotel only a little time?"

"Don't you remember me saying I was outside in the road to see you come out and go up the street with the gentleman?"

"I forgot that. But you was outside all the time? Watchin' your betters? Tammie, don't ever you do that again. You don't know what private business they might be wantin' to talk over. Don't ever you do that again, Tammie. And have another mug o' tea now."

"Yes, father."

"And ate up the fish and bread."

"It's all eat up, father."

"Sure, and so it is. O Tammie, only all the shops is closed, but 'tis we two, just the two of us down here, would be having the fine supper now — me, with pound notes in my pocket. But there's a little droppeen o' tea left, alanna. Take it and finish it up now, like a good b'y."

"I'm full, father."

"And you're sleepy by the looks of you."

"A little, father. I was up at four o'clock this mornin'. I was up that time you left this morning to see if the hooker was all right when you heard the gale coming on. I saw you goin' out, though you didn't see me, 'cause it was dark — ooh, wasn't it dark, m-m-m —" He

winked his eyes, rested his head against the edge of the bunk, and suddenly went off to sleep.

The fisherman bent over him. "The poor b'y, tired to death he is with his five-and-twenty mile and the mail-car this evenin'. Well, well, the faith of a child!" He gathered him up and laid him tenderly in the bunk. "'Tis old rags that's under you, poor b'y, but they're half dry and maybe they'll save you from going back to your mother with your lungs choked with the cold."

He turned to the fire. From the board that had served as a plate for Tammie he swept off the crumbs and swallowed them with relish. What was left of the tea he poured out into a mug — less than half a mug it made — and drank it off. "My soul, but that's fine." He smacked his lips over it. He kept smacking while he was making ready to light his pipe by a dying ember that he coaxed from the hearth. With his pipe going, he leaned back against the planks of the hooker's side, and through the smoke and half light regarded the face of the lad as it shone from among the pile of old clothes in the bunk.

"And to think of him walking the twenty-five mile over the road to Costla in the mornin'. Many's the time I walked it myself at his age, and I know what it is. But it's a stout lad I was to him with his little thin legs, and the little feet and toes blue with the cold, and maybe nobody along the whole way to know how far he came, and to ask him in to have a bite to ate and a sup to drink. Glory be, but is that water?"

He shifted about and felt his back. "Water, no less

and there isn't a j'int in her old bones the sea didn't squeeze through to-day. But she's the greatest little one of them all out of Costla. I wouldn't give her for some that's twice as young. Thirty-five year this summer. Thirty-five year — the prime of life. Many's the gale my own father sailed her. And many's the gale myself has sailed her, and many a gale I'll sail her yet, with God's blessing. Sure I'd like to know the time she made across the bay this day. My, but she fair leaped across the bay. Ah, ah, but the bones of me is getting old. They crack with every move I make — with every move, yes. And that young man from America, God-speed to him. And the poor childer of Dan Costello — the poor, poor childer — the Lord pity them! If I was gone now, 'tis the hard time my own would have. You're a brave little man, Tammie, but what could you do ag'in' the world — poor, poor Tammie — poor, poor childer."

His eyes, turning from the figure in the bunk, regarded intently the red glow of the fire on the hearth. The glow became duller under his gaze and the air about him grew colder. It occurred to him that a little more wood on the fire would be a fine thing, but when he came to look in the locker there was no more wood. "Glory be," he said, softly, "but it went fast." He thought to close the hatch, but, looking up, his eyes were caught and held by the shine of the stars. "The blessed little stars!" he whispered; "even when it's windy and cold it is, ye're there to make the night fine. And the little bit of candle" — he strove to shield it for a moment from the wind — "'tis no use, 'twill soon be out. And it's falling

asleep anonst to myself I am and maybe the little lad cold in the bunk."

He tucked the blankets more closely about the boy, laid the tips of his fingers on the flushed cheek, and whispering softly, "Tammie, alanna, is it asleep you are?" bent his head low for an answer. The boy's gentle breathing was the best answer. "That's good, and now, maybe, I'll get a bit of sleep myself — 'twas the long wet day this day — yes, the long wet day."

But, tired as he was, he forced eyes and ears to do duty for a while yet. He must make certain that all was well. Listening, he made out that beneath the old hull the tide was still running. He hearkened for some minutes to the sound of it. Less noise there was now to be sure, but wasn't that to be expected with the slack water coming on? Once more he gazed up through the hatchway. The stars were yet shining — not so shiny maybe as a while ago, but how else would they be and the gray dawn coming on? The fire, dying a minute back, was dead altogether now, but who could blame it with not so much as the shaving of a match to put on it? Sure even a man would die and he wasn't fed — yes. And the candle, the little bit of candle, going — no, but gone out entirely. And my own pipe gone out with it.

He lay quiet for a time before he moved a hand to take the pipe from his lips, but somehow he couldn't get a match to light. Well, there'd been smoking enough. And, after all, why should the pipe be going when everything else was gone? Sure all the light and heat was gone. Pipe, candle, stars, fire — all gone out. But

Tammie — listen — yes, he was sleeping fine. The poor boy, poor Tammie — the poor, poor little Costello childer — the poor fatherless childer everywhere — to all poor childer may God be good — may God be good —

Gradually the weary head sagged until it was fairly on the shoulder nearest the bunk; gradually the legs, which had been drawn up at the knees, straightened out until they found a brace against the edge of the hearthstone; unnoticed, the pipe slipped from the relaxing fingers; softly the lips murmured beneath the beard — “to all poor childer may God be good” — the shaggy head settled into the peak of the hooker — “may God be good” — and this fisherman of Costla, his day’s work done, was off for his night’s rest. The morrow would bring its own labors. 11.21.

— JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

II

FRANCE'S FIGHTING WOMAN DOCTOR

The American public has just heard of Dr. Nicole Girard-Mangin, the woman doctor who was mobilized and sent to the front by mistake, and who proved herself so fearless and useful that she was kept there for two years amid bursting shells and rattling mitrailleuses. She is being cited spectacularly as a dramatic proof that women can take men's parts, and do men's work, and know the (man's joy of being useful.) But she is much more than a woman doing a man's work. She is a human being of the highest type, giving to her country the highest sort of service, and remaining normal, sane, and well-balanced.

Long before the tornado of the war burst over the world, Paris knew her in many varying phases which now, as we look back, we see to have been the unconscious preparation for the hour of crisis. Personally I knew of her, casually, as the public-spirited young doctor who was attached to the Paris lycée where my children go to school, and who was pushing the "fresh-air" movement for the city poor. People who met her in a social way knew her as an attractive woman with a well-proportioned figure, lovely hair, and clear brown eyes, whom one met once or twice a week at the theater or in the homes of mutual friends, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh and cheerful,

✓ chatting talk. Other people who saw her every morning in her laboratory garb, serious, intent, concentrated, knew her as one of those scientific investigators who can not rest while the horrible riddle of cancer is unsolved.

Those who saw her in the afternoon among the swarming sick and poor of the *clinique* of the great Beaujon Hospital, knew her as one of those lovers of their kind who can not rest as long as the horrible apathy of public opinion about tuberculosis continues. People who investigated cures for city ills and who went to visit the model tenement house for the very poor, near the St. Ouen gate of Paris, knew her as the originator and planner of that admirable enterprise, whose energy and forcefulness saw it financed and brought to practical existence. Observers who knew her in the big international Feminist Conferences in European capitals, saw an alert, upright, quick-eyed Parisienne, whose pretty hats showed no sign of the erudition of the head under them. Friends knew her as the gently bred woman who, although driven by no material necessity, renounced the easy, sheltered, comfortable life of the home-keeping woman for an incessant, beneficent activity, the well-ordered regularity of which alone kept it from breaking down her none too robust health. And those intimates who saw her in her home, saw her the most loved of sisters and daughters, the most devoted of mothers, adored by the little son to whom she has been father and mother ever since he was four years old.

No one dreamed of war, but if the very day and hour had been known for years, Dr. Girard-Mangin could

hardly have prepared herself more completely for the ordeal. Unconsciously she had "trained" for it, as the runner trains for his race. She was not very strong, slightly built, with some serious constitutional weakening, but she filled every day full to the brim with exacting and fatiguing work. She had two great factors in her favor. One of them was that enviable gift which Nature gives occasionally to remarkable people, the capacity to live with very little sleep. The other is even more noteworthy in a doctor — in whom close acquaintance with the laws of health seems often to breed contempt.

Dr. Girard-Mangin is that rare bird, a doctor who believes profoundly, seriously, in the advice which she gives to others, in the importance of those simple, humdrum laws of daily health which only very extraordinary people have the strength of mind to obey. Never, never, she says, as though it were a matter of course, has she allowed fatigue, or overoccupation, or inertia, or boredom to interfere with her early morning deep-breathing and physical exercises, and her tonic cold bath. Never, never, no matter how long or exhausting the day, has she rolled into bed, dead beat, too tired to go through the simple processes of the toilet, which make sleep so much more refreshing. No matter how absorbed in her work, she has always taken the time at regular intervals to relax, to chat sociably with quite ordinary people, to go to the theater, to hear music. She has always breakfasted and lunched with her little boy, has steered him through his spelling and arithmetic, has gone on walks with him, has been his

comrade and "pal." This has been as good for her as for him, naturally. Every summer she has had the courageous good sense to take a vacation in the country. In short, she is a doctor who takes to her own heart the advice about rational life which doctors so often reserve for their patients.

To this woman, tempered to a steel-like strength by self-imposed discipline and by a regular, well-ordered life, came the great summons. And it found her ready to the last nerve in her strong, delicate little hand. You have read, probably, how on that "Day of Doom" when France called out her men, a *concierge* received, among mobilization papers for all the men in the big apartment house, one sending Dr. Girard-Mangin (presumably also a man, by the name) out to a military hospital in the Vosges mountains. The notice of mobilization was handed to a woman, a patriotic woman who long ago had heard the call to fight for France's best interests. She had seen her brother go before her into the fighting ranks and she followed him, into danger and service. She said a quick good-by to her friends, to her parents, to her son, her only child, a fine boy of fourteen then, from whom she had never before been separated.

Will every mother who reads these lines stop here and think what this means?

There is no need to repeat in detail here what has already been told of the first three months of her service — her arrival at the field hospital, disorganized, submerged by the terrible, ever-renewed flood of wounded men, of the astonishment of the doctor in charge. "What, a

woman! This is no place for a woman. But, good God! if you know anything about surgery, roll up your sleeves and stay!"

There she stayed for three months, those blasting first three months of the war, when French people put forth ✓ undreamed-of strength to meet a crisis of undreamed-of horror. Out there in that distant military hospital, toiling incessantly in great heat, with insufficient supplies, bearing the mental and moral shock of the first encounter with the incredible miseries of war, that modern, highly organized woman, separated for the first time from her family, from her child, fearing everything for them and for her country, had no word, no tidings whatever, till the 28th of August. Then no knowledge of her son, of her parents, only a notice that the Government had retreated from Paris to Bordeaux! Comforting news that, for the first! Next they knew that Rheims was taken. Then one of the men whose wounds she dressed told her that he had been able to see the Eiffel Tower from where he fell. This sounded as though the next news could be nothing but the German entry into Paris.

All France throbbed with straining, despairing effort, far beyond its normal strength, during those first three months; and to do the man's part she took, the delicate woman doctor, laboring incessantly among the bleeding wrecks of human bodies, needed all her will-power to pull her through.

Then the wild period of fury and haste and nervous, emotional exaltation passed, and France faced another ordeal, harder for her temperament even than the first

fierce onset of the unequal struggle — the long period of patient endurance of the unendurable. The miracle of the Marne had been wrought; Paris was saved; the sting and stimulant of immediate, deadly danger was past; the fatigue from the supernatural effort of those first months dimmed every eye, deadened all nerves. Then France tapped another reservoir of national strength and began patiently, constructively to "organize" the war. And that daughter of France bent her energies to help in this need, as in the first.

A rough rearrangement of competences was attempted everywhere on the front. Dentists no longer dug trenches, bakers were set to baking instead of currying horses, and expert telegraphers stopped making ineffectual efforts to cook. It came out then that the real specialty of the valiant little woman doctor who had been doing such fine work in the operating-room was not surgery at all. "I'm no surgeon, you know!" she says, and leaves it to her friends to tell you of the extraordinary record of her efficiency in that field, the low percentage of losses in her surgical cases. If you mention this, she says, "Ah, that's just because I'm *not* a born surgeon. I have to take very special care of my cases to be equal to the job." It was discovered that her great specialty was contagious diseases. There was great need for a specialist of that sort out at Verdun, where, alas! a typhoid epidemic had broken out. This was before the extra precautions about inoculations, which were taken later.

Dr. Girard-Mangin was sent to Verdun on November 1st, 1914, and was there steadily for more than a year,

until the 28th of February, 1916. She found her sick men on mattresses, in tents, on such low ground that they were often literally in water. Whenever there was freezing weather, those who cared for them slid about on sheets of ice. Above them, on higher ground, were some rough old barracks, empty, partly remodeled, said to have been left there by the Prussians in 1871. "Why don't we move the sick up there?" she asked, and was met by all the usual dragging, clogging reasons given by administrative inertia.

The sheds were not ready to occupy; there were no expert carpenters to get them ready; it would be impossible to heat them; no order for the change had come from Headquarters — furthermore, a reason not mentioned, the sheds, being on higher ground, were more exposed to shell-fire. Dr. Girard-Mangin had had some experience with administrative inertia in her struggles for better housing for the poor; and long before the war she had known what it was to put herself voluntarily in danger — the scar from a bad tubercular infection on her hand is the honorable proof of that. She knew that the sick men would be better off in the barracks on higher ground. So she took them there. Just like that.

She was to have the entire care of the typhoid epidemic, and the only help which could be given her was to come from twenty men, absolutely unassorted — such a score as you would gather by walking down any street and picking up the first twenty men you met. There were several farm-laborers, a barber, an accountant, miscellaneous factory hands. The only person remotely ap-

proaching a nurse was a man who had had the training for a pharmacist, but as he had never been able to stay sober long enough to take his examinations, you may not be surprised that he was the least useful of them all.

These twenty casually selected human beings went unwillingly up the hill toward the barracks, ironic, mocking, lazy, indifferent, as human beings unelectrified by purpose are apt to be. But, although they did not know it, there marched at their head an iron will, a steel-like purpose, and an intelligence which was invincible. They took this to be but a smallish, youngish woman in uniform, and were all in great guffaws at the comic idea of being under her orders. ✓

Of course, to begin with, she did not know one of her men from another, but she studied them closely as they worked, driven along by her direction, setting up the rough camp-stoves, stopping the worst of the holes in the walls, arranging the poor apologies for mattresses, and cutting off the tops of gasoline-cans for heating water — for our woman doctor was asked to take care of several hundred typhoid cases and was not provided with so much as a bowl that would hold water. Presently, as they worked, she noticed that there were but nineteen men there. All day she studied their faces, their bearing, what was written on them for the seeing eye to read. At night, at supper-time, there were twenty men. Those clear brown eyes swept around the circle and pounced on a mild-looking *poilu* innocently taking his soup with the others.

"Where have you been all day?" she asked him.

He fairly turned pale with astonishment, "Why, how did you —? I've been right here, working!" he tried to bluster her down.

"No, you haven't. You haven't been here since a quarter past ten this morning," she assured him.

He hung his head a moment, then looked an ugly defiance. "Well, I've been in to Verdun to spend the day with a friend. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to have you punished for disobeying an officer," she said promptly, though so little military had been her beneficent life, that she had no more idea than you or I or any other woman would have of what punishment could be given in such a case.

"Officer's orders!" said the man. "*What officer?*" All the men laughed.

"I'm your officer," she said, and went away to telephone to the military authority in charge of such cases.

"I can't be expected to have discipline if I'm not backed up," she said. "This is a test case. It's now or never."

The answer was a non-com and a guard marching up to the barracks, saluting the military doctor, and, with all due military ceremony, carrying off the offender for a week in prison. Dr. Girard-Mangin laughs still at the recollection of the consternation among the nineteen who were left. "I never had any trouble about *discipline*, after that," she says. "Of course there were the utter incompetents to be weeded out. For that I followed the time-honored army custom of sending my worst man whenever the demand from Headquarters came for a

✓ good, competent person to be sent to other work! Before long I had reduced the force of nurses to twelve. Those twelve I kept for all the time of my service there, and we parted at the end old friends and tried comrades. I have never lost track of them since. They always write me once in a while, wherever they are."

As soon as it grew dark enough, that first night, for the ambulances to dash out through the blackness, over the shell-riddled roads to the *abris*, close to the front, the stricken men began to come in. Before dawn, that very first night, there were fifty-five terrible typhoid cases brought into the bare sheds. Then it was that Dr. Girard-Mangin, working single-handed with her score of crude, untrained helpers, needed all her capacity for going without sleep. Then it was that her men, seeing her at work, stopped laughing because she was a woman and admired her because she was a woman doing wonderful things; then, best of all, forgot that she was a woman, and took her simply for the matchless leader that she is, in the battle against disease. I think it was not wholly the guard, marching away the disobedient man to prison, who was responsible for the fact that our little woman doctor had no further difficulty with discipline.

The condition of the typhoid patients was harrowing beyond words. A man going out with his squad to a front-line trench would be stricken down with fever on arriving. It was impossible for him to return until his squad was relieved and he could be carried to the rear on a comrade's back. There he was, there he must remain, for the three or four or five days of his squad's

“turn” in the front lines. Can you imagine the condition of a man with typhoid fever, who has lain in a trench in the mud for four days, with no shelter from the rain or snow but an overcoat spread over him, with no care beyond an occasional drink of water from a comrade’s flask? For your own sake I hope you can not imagine it. And I will not go into details. Enough to say that such men were brought in by the tens, by the twenties, by the fifties, filthy beyond words, at the limit of exhaustion, out of their heads with weakness and fever and horror.

And there to stem that black tide of human misery stands this little upright, active, valiant, twentieth-century woman. I think, although we are not of her nation, we may well be proud of her as a fellow-being who had voluntarily renounced ease to choose the life which had made her fit to cope with the crisis of that night — and of the more than four hundred days and nights following. For cope with it she did, competently, resolutely, *successfully*. “Oh yes, we gave them cold baths,” she says, when you ask for details. “We managed somehow. They had all the right treatment, cold baths, wet packs, injections, the right food — everything very primitive at first, of course, but everything you ever do for typhoid anywhere. Our percentage of losses was very low always.”

“But how? *How?* How did you manage?” you ask.

“Oh, at the beginning everything was very rough. We had only one portable galvanized-iron bathtub.

Since they were all so badly infected, there was less danger in bathing them all in the same tub than in not fighting the fever that way. And then, just as soon as I could reach the outside world by letter, I clamored for more, and they were sent."

"But how could you, single-handed, give cold baths to so many men? It's a difficult matter, giving a cold bath to a typhoid patient."

"I wasn't single-handed. I had my twelve soldier-nurses."

"*'Nurses,'* you say! Farm-laborers, accountants, barbers, drunken druggists!"

"But I got rid of that good-for-nothing pharmacist at once! And the others — the twelve good ones — they learned what to do. They learned how to give the simple remedies. They learned how to do the other things enough to give me a report — how to take temperatures, how to give the baths at the right degree for the right time, how to take the pulse."

"How could they learn all that?" you ask, amazed.

"I taught them," says Dr. Girard-Mangin, slightly surprised, in the simplest, most matter-of-fact tone.

You look past her, out there to that hand-to-hand struggle with death which was carried on by the one indomitable will and the one well-trained mind, strong enough not only to animate this woman's body before you, but those other bodies and ignorant, indocile minds.

"They did it very well, too," she assures you, and you do not doubt her.

That woman could teach anybody to do anything. ✓

You come back to details. "But how could you get enough water and heat it for so many baths, on just those rough, small, heating-stoves?"

"Well, we were at it all the time, practically, day and night. We cut the tops off those big gasoline-cans the automobilists use, and stood one on every stove up and down the barracks. There wasn't a moment when water wasn't being heated, or used, or carried away."

"What could you do about intestinal hemorrhages?" you ask. "You must have had many, with such advanced cases. Your farm-hand nurses couldn't —"

"I never tried to teach them how to handle any real crisis, only to recognize it when it came, and go quickly to fetch me. I taught them to watch carefully and at the first sign of blood on their patients' clothing or on the mattress, to take the knapsack out from under the sick man's head — they had no other pillow, of course — to lay him down flat, and then to run and call me, from wherever I was."

"You must have had almost no sleep at all."

"That was the greatest help I had, being able to get along on little sleep. And I got more work out of my helpers than any man could, for they were ashamed to ask to sleep or rest, seeing that a woman, half their size, could still keep going."

"But how about your famous hygienic regularity, the morning exercises and cold baths and —"

"Oh, as soon as I saw I was in for a long period of regular service, I took the greatest care to go on with all the things which keep one fit for regular service."

"Morning tubs?"

"Yes, morning tubs! I slept — what time I had to sleep — in an abandoned peasant's house in an evacuated village near the hospital. I didn't take any of the down-stairs rooms because people are likely to walk right into an abandoned house, and part of the time there were soldiers quartered in the village. Then there was usually somebody in the house with me. The other times I had it all to myself. I took a room on the second floor. It happened to have a flight of steps leading up to it, and another one going out of it into the attic. Of course, I never had any heat, and the drafts from those two open stairways — well, it was like sleeping in the middle of a city square. Sometimes I used to take down a bottle filled with hot water, but the bed was so cold that it was almost instantly chilled. Many a time I have gone to sleep, all curled up in a ball, holding my feet in my hands, because they were so cold, and wakened to find them still as icy. Oh, the cold! That is the worst enemy of all at the front, the most wearing, the most demoralizing, the most dehumanizing, because it lasts so. With other things — hunger, wounds, danger — either it kills you, or it passes. But the cold is always there."

She loses herself for a moment in brooding recollection and you wonder if Jeanne d'Arc ever did anything braver for her country than did this delicate, stout-hearted modern woman, sleeping alone for months and months in bitter cold in a deserted house in a deserted village.

She comes back to the present. "And it was there that I took my morning tubs!" she says with an amused

smile. "Of course the water froze hard into a solid lump. So I put carbonate de potasse into it. This not only kept it from freezing, but made it alkaline, so that it was an excellent detergent and stimulant to the skin. I assure you, after a night in which I had been incessantly called from one bed to another, when I felt very much done-up, my cold sponge-bath in that water was like a resurrection. I was made over. Then, of course, no matter how busy I was, I took care of my feet — changed my stockings and shoes every day. Feet are one's weakest point in a long pull like that."

You venture to remark about a slight limp noticeable when she walks. "Yes, it comes from a frozen foot — I have to admit it. But it's really not my fault. That was later, at the time of the battle at Verdun. There are always brief crises, when you have to give your all and not stop to think. I went nine days then without once taking off my shoes. I hadn't my other pair by that time. The *Boches* had them, probably."

But we have not come to that terrific epic, as yet. Before that second tornado burst over the heads of the French and of our woman doctor, there was a long, hard, dull period of four hundred and seventy days of continuous service — for Dr. Girard-Mangin, being a pioneer woman, felt in honor bound to do more than a man would do. In the three years and more of her war service, she had just three weeks' furlough, seven days out of every year to see her son, to see her family, to relax. Every other day of that long procession of days, she has been on

duty, active, and, as befits a woman, constructively active.

She did not continue resignedly to struggle with tin-can drinking-cups, and one bathtub for two hundred men. Neither did she rely on the proverbially slow mills of the Government to grind her out the necessary supplies. She was not only the army doctor in charge of the contagious cases in the big sanitary section and hospital near Verdun, she was also a figure of international importance, the *Présidente* of the Hygiene Department of the *Conseil International des Femmes* — her predecessor had been Lady Aberdeen; she was high in honor at the big Beaujon Hospital in Paris; she was well-known to the charitable world in the Society for Hygienic Lodgings for the poor, which owed so much to her; and she had a wide circle of friends everywhere. The little *aide major* sent out from her bare shed-hospital, lacking in everything, a clarion call for help for her sick men. With years of experience in organization back of her, she set to work and, in the midst of the fury of destruction all about her, built up, item by item, a little corner of order and competent activity. In November, 1914, there was nothing but a windswept shed, with straw pallets and tin-can utensils. By June of the next year you would have found, if you had had the courage to go within two kilometers of the front line, a very well-appointed contagious ward of a military hospital, where nothing was lacking for the men's comfort — except a certainty that the whole thing might not be blown to pieces by a shell. And by the

✓ end of 1915, when there began to be talk of a great German drive against Verdun, the men under our doctor's supervision had as good care as they could have had anywhere, with laboratory and sterilizing facilities — everything. ✓ Dr. Girard-Mangin knew what was the best to ✓ be had in hospitals and she did not rest until somehow, Aladdin-like, she had made it to blossom, out there in danger and desolation.

All during January of 1916 there was terrific tension along that front. The monster German offensive against Verdun was in the air. The month of January passed with desperate slowness, such intent, apprehensive suspense being torturing for human nerves, especially tired human nerves which had already been through a long, severe period of trial.

~~Everybody showed signs of nervousness.~~ Our little doctor stuck faithfully to her bedrock principles of health, changed her shoes and stockings every day, took her Spartan baths and rub-downs in her colder-than-freezing water, went through her deep-breathing and her setting-up exercises every morning. By such merely feminine reliance on everyday sanity in life, she kept herself in excellent physical shape, and did not succumb to the temptation, which is too much for so many doctors under strain, of hypodermics of strychnin, and other stimulants.

February 1st came. The great storm, looming murkily, had not burst.

February inched itself along, and finally, because human nature can only stand about so much of strain, nerves began to relax in utter fatigue.

On February 21st, which was a Monday, it was fairly clear, cold, with what passes for sunshine in that region. Dr. Girard-Mangin stepped out in front of her shed-hospital ward, after lunch, and made this remark to herself: "I don't believe the *Boches* are going to pull off that offensive at all. And to-day is almost sunny. I have a good notion to go over to the 165th and get my hair washed." There was an ex-coiffeur in that regiment who kept on with his trade in his leisure moments.

As this singularly peace-time thought passed through her mind, an *obus* screamed its way loudly over her head. "That's near," she thought, "nearer than they generally are."

Before she could get back into the hospital, the battle of Verdun had begun.

The blow was delivered with astounding rapidity, and with stunning force. Up to that time, nothing had ever been conceived like the violence of the artillery fire. There in the hospital, only two kilometers back of the front, the noise was so great they could scarcely hear each other's voices. Upon those men, and that woman, unnerved by six weeks of nerve-racking suspense, the great crisis leaped with murderous fury. It was as though the world were being battered to pieces about their heads. Each one called up in himself all the reserve strength his life had given him and, tight-lipped, clung as best he could to self-control.

The first nerves to give way were in the bake-shop. The bakers suddenly burst out of their overheated cell and, half-naked in that sharp cold, clad only in their

white-linen aprons and trousers, fled away, anywhere, away, out of that hell. One of the doctors, seeing this beginning of the panic, shouted out in an angry attempt to stem the tide of fear, "Shame on you, men! What are you doing! What would happen if every one ran away!"

One of the fleeing bakers, dodging with agility the outstretched restraining arms, called out heartily, with a strong Southern accent, "Right you are, doctor, perfectly right!" and continued to run faster than ever. Which typically *Midi* phrase and action was seized upon by those gallant French hearts for the laugh which is the Gallic coquetry in the face of danger.

But even they could not smile at what they next saw. At four o'clock that afternoon began the spectacle, awful to French eyes, of regiments of chasseurs fleeing toward the rear.

"So inconceivable was this to me, that I repeated, 'Chasseurs! Retreating!'"

Dr. Girard-Mangin closed her eyes a moment as if she saw them again. "Oh, yes, retreating — and no wonder! All their equipment gone, no guns, no ammunition, no grenades, no bayonets — their bare fists, and those bleeding, for weapons. Many of them were naked, yes, literally naked, except for their leather cartridge belts. Everything made of cloth had been blown from their bodies by the air-pressure from exploding shells. Many of them were horribly wounded, although they were staggering along. I remember one man, whose wounds we dressed, who came reeling up to the hospital,

holding his hand to his face, and when he took his hand down most of his face came with it. Oh, yes, they were retreating, those who had enough life left to walk. And they told us that Verdun was lost, that no human power could resist that thrust."

All that night, and all the next day and all the next night, such men poured through and past the hospital and during all that time there was no cessation in the intolerable, maddening din of the artillery. When you ask Dr. Girard-Mangin how she lived through those days and nights, she tells you steadily, "Oh, that was not the worst. We could still work. And we did. More than eighteen thousand wounded passed through the hospital that week. We had too much to do to think of anything else. It seemed as though all the men in the world were wounded and pouring in on us."

On Wednesday afternoon, the tide of men changed in character somewhat, and this meant that the end was near. In place of *chasseurs* and the ordinary *poilus*, quantities of brown Moroccans, those who fight at the very front, came fleeing back, horribly wounded, most of them yelling wild prayers to Allah, clutching at themselves like children and howling like wild beasts — impossible to understand or to make understand. And yet, somehow, the hospital staff, staggering with fatigue themselves, ministered to them, too, until — this was where they all touched bottom — until, on Wednesday night, the electricity suddenly gave out and, in the twinkling of an eye, blackness fell on the great wards, shaken by the incessant infernal screaming-rush of the shells overhead.

by the thunder of the cannon, and filled with the shrieks of the agonizing wild men from Africa. Blackness like the end of the world.

Messengers were sent hastily to grope their way down to the nearest village for candles. But they returned empty-handed. Long before that the soldiers had carried off all the supply of candles.

"What did you do, all that night?"

Dr. Girard-Mangin makes no light pretense of belittling the experience.

✓ "It was awful beyond anything imaginable," she tells you gravely. "The worst thing that can happen to a doctor had come — to be in the midst of suffering and not to be able to lift a finger to help. All that we could do was to give them water to drink. We could feel our way to the water-pitchers. The rest of the time we could only sit, helpless, listen to the shells and to the wounded men groaning, and wait for dawn."

Yes, it is a small, delicately fashioned woman, like you, like me, who lived through those days and those nights, and came through them morally and physically intact, into an even greater usefulness. It will not be a bad thing to remember her the next time we feel "tired" in our ordinary round of small efforts.

On the next day came the order to evacuate the hospital, bitter proof of the German success. Dr. Girard-Mangin began sending off her sick men in relays of four in the only ambulance at her disposal. They were taken down to the nearest little branch railroad, there put on

the train, and sent — nobody knew where, anywhere out of the range of German guns.

All day Thursday the evacuation went on. By Thursday evening there were left only nine men in her ward, men practically dying, far gone with intestinal hemorrhages, too ill to move. Dr. Girard-Mangin spent another black night beside her dying men, moving from one to another in the intense obscurity, raising her voice above the thunder of the artillery to comfort them, to give them what small help she could without a light. On Friday all the hospital staff, with a few exceptions, was to leave. The hospital buildings and equipment were to be left in the charge of a non-com and two privates; and the men too ill to transport were to be left with one doctor and two aides. The rule in the French Sanitary Service for that case is that the youngest doctor stays with the sick. Dr. Girard-Mangin was the youngest doctor.

But at this, the good head-doctor, who had daughters of his own in Paris, cried out that there was a limit, that he would never forgive any man who left a daughter of his alone in such a position, alone with dying men, alone under fire, alone to face the *Boches*. No, no Frenchman could be expected to do that.

Dr. Girard-Mangin appealed over his head to the military authority in command, for permission to do her duty as it fell to her. "I have not failed in my services so far. It is not just to force me to fail now."

The military ruling was that the usual rule would

hold. The little woman doctor stayed in danger, and the men went back to the rear. The parting was a moving one; those comrades of hers who had seen her working by their sides for so many months took her in their arms and wept openly as they bade her good-by.

If you venture to ask her what were her own emotions at this moment, she tells you with a shudder, "Oh, sorrow, black, black sorrow for France. We all thought, you know, that Verdun had fallen, that the Germans had pierced the line. No one knew how far they had gone. It was an awful moment." Apparently she did not think of herself at all.

All day Friday, she was there with her stricken men and with two aides. Friday night she lay beside them in the dark. On Saturday the man left in charge of the hospital buildings went mad from the nervous tension — they expected almost from hour to hour to see the Germans appear — and from the hellish noise of the artillery.

I find myself cold as I try to think what another black night meant in those conditions. Dr. Girard-Mangin passed it and emerged into another dawn.

On Sunday morning the General in command of that region, amazed to find that any one was still there, sent peremptory orders that the premises must be evacuated entirely, dying men and all. They would certainly be killed if they were kept there. And more, there was no longer anything to give them to eat. This was a military order and so overrode the rulings of the Sanitary Service. Dr. Girard-Mangin prepared to evacuate. She had at her disposition a small *camion* in which she put the four

men best able to be carried, and her own ambulance in which she packed the five worst cases, crosswise of the vehicle. To try to give them some security against the inevitable jolting, she bound them tightly over and over to their stretchers. Then, with her little medicine-kit, she got in beside them and told her chauffeur to take them to Clermont-en-Argonne, and not by the safer route taken by the *ravitaillement* convoys, because her sick men could never live through the length of that trip, but by the shorter road, leading along directly back of the front.

"I wonder that he was willing to take that dangerous route," you say.

PASADENA HIGH SCHOOL

"I didn't ask his opinion about it," says Dr. Girard-Mangin with a ring of iron in her voice.

So began a wild ride of forty-three kilometers, constantly under fire, with five men at the point of death. The chauffeur dodged between the bursting shells, the woman in the car watched her sick men closely and kept them up with hypodermics of stimulants — which are not administered by a shaking hand!

You ask respectfully, looking at the white scar on her cheek, "It was then, during that ride, that you were wounded, wasn't it?"

She nods, hastily, indifferently, and says, "And when we finally reached Clermont-en-Argonne, my sick men were no better off, for I found the hospital absolutely swamped with wounded. I said I was there with five mortally sick men from Verdun, and they answered, 'If they were all Generals we could not take them in. You are mad, Madame, to bring *sick* men here.' So we went

on ten kilometers further to a little village called Froidos, where my face-wound was dressed and where finally I was able to leave my men, all alive still, in good hands."

"They didn't live to get well, did they?" you ask.

At this question, she has a moment of stupefaction before the picture of your total incomprehension of what she has been talking about; she has a moment's retrospective stare back into that seething caldron which was the battle of Verdun; she opens her mouth to cry out on your lack of imagination; and she ends by saying quietly, almost with pity for your ignorance, "Oh, I never saw or heard of those men again. There was a great deal too much else to be done at that time."

Have you lost track of time and place in that adventure of hers? It is not surprising. She was then in the little village of Froidos, on the afternoon of Sunday, February 27th, almost exactly a week after the battle began — and after almost exactly a week of unbelievable horror — after four nights spent without a light in a great hospital full of wounded men — after a ride of nearly fifty kilometers constantly under fire, with mortally sick men. And she now turned, like a good soldier who has accomplished the task set him, to report at headquarters for another.

Her headquarters, the *Direction du Service Sanitaire* was at Bar-le-Duc. Without a moment's rest or delay, she set out for Bar-le-Duc, she and her chauffeur, half-blind with lack of sleep. They arrived there at midnight. She reported herself at the hospital, so large that

in normal times it holds three thousand wounded. "I have just brought in the last of the sick from the military hospital at Verdun," she said, to explain her presence. They were astounded to hear that any one had been there so lately. Every one had thought that certainly the Germans were there by that time.

"Please, is there a place where I may sleep a few hours?" she said. ✓

But there was no place, not one. The great hospital was crowded to the last inch of its space with wounded — halls, passageways, aisles, even the stairs had wounded on them. Finally some one gave her a blanket and she lay down on the floor in the little office of the head-doctor and slept till morning — five or six hours. Then she went out into the town to try to find a lodging. Not one to be had, the town being as full as the hospital. She had not taken her clothes off, naturally, nor her shoes.

"Oh, then I did feel tired," she says. "That morning, for the first time, I knew how tired I was, as I went dragging myself from door to door, begging for a room and a bed. It was because I was no longer working, you see. As long as you have work to do, you can go on." ✓

At last a poor woman took pity on her, said that she and her daughter would sleep together on one narrow bed, and let her have the other one.

"I was so glad, so glad," says Dr. Girard-Mangin, "to know I was to have a real bed! I was like a child. When you are as tired as that, you don't think of any-

thing but the simple elementals — lying down, being warm, having something to eat — all your fine, civilized ideas are swept away."

She went back toward the hospital to get what few things she had been able to bring with her, and there she saw her chauffeur waving a paper toward her. "We are to be off at once," he said, and showed her an order to leave Bar-le-Duc without delay, taking two nurses with them, and to go with all speed to the hospital at Vadelaincourt. They were crowded with wounded there.

"Then, at once, my tiredness went away," she says. "It only lasted while I thought of getting a bed. When I knew we were going into action once more, I was myself again."

By two o'clock that afternoon — this was Monday — they were *en route* for the hospital, the doctor on the seat by the chauffeur, the two nurses, hysterical with fear over the shells, weeping inside.

"What a terrible, tragic, inspiring trip that was!" she exclaims, and almost for the only time during her quietly told narration her voice quivers, her eyes suffuse. "We were going against the tide of fresh reserves, rushing out to the front — mile after mile, facing those strongly marching ranks of splendid young Frenchmen, all going out to suffer the unimaginable horrors from which I had just come. I could not bear to look into those eager, ardent faces. I was so proud of them, so yearning over them! And they were so full of spirit, hurrying forward to the supreme sacrifice. They shouted out to us again and again, 'The battle isn't over yet, is

it? Will we get there in time?' They laughed light-heartedly, the younger ones, when they saw me and called out, 'Oh, the women are fighting out there, too, are they?' Wave after wave of them, rank on rank, the best of my country, marching out to death."

They were delayed by an accident to a tire, being instantly — as is the rule on military roads, always crammed to the last inch — lifted bodily into a neighboring field for repairs. No stationing for repairs is allowed on a road where every one is incessantly in movement. While the repairs were being made, the car sank deeper and deeper into the mud, and it was a Herculean undertaking to get it back in the main thoroughfare. As usual, a crowd of good-natured *poilus* managed this, heaving together with the hearty good-will to which all drivers of American ambulances can testify.

Delayed by this, it was nearly midnight when they drew near their destination. The chauffeur turned off the main road into a smaller one, a short cut to the hospital, and sank at once in mud up to his hubs. From twelve o'clock that night till half-past five in the morning, they labored to make the few kilometers which separated them from Vadelaincourt. Once the chauffeur, hearing in the dark the rush of water against the car, announced that he was sure that the river had burst its banks, that they had missed the bridge and were now in the main current. Dr. Girard-Mangin got down to investigate and found herself knee-deep in mud so liquid that its sound had deceived the chauffeur. They toiled on, the nurses inside the car wringing their hands.

By the time it was faintly dawn they arrived at the hospital, where the hard-worked head-doctor, distracted with the rush of wounded, cried out upon her for being a woman, but told her for Heaven's sake to stay and help. The nurses were taken in and set to work, where at once they forgot themselves and their fears. But again there was no place for the new doctor to sleep, the hospital being overflowing with human wreckage. She did what all ambulance people hate to do, she went back to the reeking ambulance, laid herself on a stretcher, wet boots and all, drew up about her the typhoid-soaked blankets of her ex-patients, and instantly fell asleep. The chauffeur had the preferable place of sleeping under the car, on another stretcher.

She had no more than closed her eyes, when came a loud, imperious pounding on the car, "Get up quickly. The *médecin-en-chef* sends for you at once; terrible lot of wounded just brought in; every hand needed."

She went back through the mud to the hospital, had a cup of hot coffee and — detail eloquent of the confusion and disorganization of that feverish week — some plum-cake! By what freak of *ravitaillement* there was only plum-cake, she never knew.

Then she put on her operating-apron and cap. She went into the operating-room at half-past seven in the morning. She operated steadily, without stopping, for more than five hours. At one o'clock she felt giddy and her legs failed her. She sat down flat on the floor, leaning back against the wall. "Here it comes!" she said

to herself, fighting the faintness which dissolved all her members, "Here comes womanishness!"

But it did not come. She sat thus, setting her teeth and tightening her will until she conquered it. A new relay of doctors came in. She staggered off, had more coffee, a piece of chocolate and another piece of plum-cake! And was told that she would be "off duty" till eight that evening. Where could she go to rest? Nowhere. Snow lay on the fields, mud was deep in the roads. There was not a bed empty.

"I sat down in a corner, in a chair, quite a comfortable chair," she tells you, "and took down my hair and brushed and braided it. You know how much that rests you!"

Now, Dr. Girard-Mangin is the last person in the world over whom to sentimentalize, and I swore before beginning to write about her that I would try not to do it. But I can not restrain myself from asking you here if you do not feel with me like both laughing and crying at the inimitable, homely femininity of that familiar gesture, at the picture of that shining little warrior-figure, returning in that abomination of desolation to the simple action of a sheltered woman's everyday home life?

Then she went to sleep, there in the "quite comfortable" chair, with her shoes unlaced but still on her feet. "I had lost my other pair somewhere along the route," she explains, "and I didn't dare to take those off because I knew I could never get them on again if I did."

There followed twenty days of this terrific routine.

steady work in the operating-room with intervals of seven hours' "rest," with nowhere to go to rest. "But the food got better almost at once," she says, in explanation of her having lived through it. "We couldn't have gotten along on plum-cake, of course!"

For nine of those twenty days, she never took off her shoes at all, and the foot was frozen there which now she drags a little in walking.

On March 23rd, a month after the battle of Verdun had begun, the *médecin-chef-inspecteur* came to Vadelaincourt, went through the usual motions of stupefaction to find a woman doctor there, decided — rather late — that it was no place for a woman, and sent her to Châlons. For six months thereafter, she was in the Somme, near Ypres, working specially among the tubercular soldiers, but also taking her full share of military surgery. "Just the usual service at the front, nothing of special interest," she says with military brevity, baffling your interest, and leaving you to find out from other sources that she was wounded again in June of that year.

On the 11th of October, 1916, a remarkable and noteworthy event took place. For once a Governmental action was taken with intelligence. The Government, wishing to institute a special course of training for military nurses at the front, called to its organization and direction, not somebody's relation-in-law, not a politician's protégée, but the woman in France best fitted to undertake the work. Such an action on the part of any Government is worthy of note!

The hospital which had been built for charitable pur-

poses on the Rue Desnouettes was loaned to the Government. What was needed for its head was some one who knew all about what training was essential for nursing service at the front. Any good military doctor could have done this part. Also some one was needed who knew all about what is the life of a woman at the front. ✓ Any good nurse of military experience could have seen to this. Also there was needed a person with experience in organization, with the capacity to keep a big enterprise in smooth and regular running. Any good business man could have managed this. Furthermore there was needed a person with magnetism who could inspire the women passing through the school with enthusiasm, with ardor, with devotion — I needn't go on, I think. You must have seen that only one person combined all these qualifications, and she is the one now at the head of the hospital-school.

Dr. Girard-Mangin received a call summoning her back to that "work at the rear" which is such a trial for those who have known the glory of direct service at the front.

This meant drudgery for her, long hours of attention to uninteresting but important details, work with a very mixed class of intelligences — the women in her courses of study vary from peasant girls to officers' widows; bending her quick intelligence to cope with sloth and dullness. It meant, worst of all and hardest of all, living again in the midst of petty bickerings, little personal jealousies, mean ambitions. Nothing is more startling for those who "come back from the front" than

to find the world at the rear still going on with its tiny quarrels and disputes, still industriously raking in its muckheap. And nothing more eloquently paints our average, ordinary life than the intense moral depression which attends the return to it of those who have for a time escaped from it to a rougher, more dangerous, and more self-forgetful atmosphere.

For me, no part of Dr. Girard-Mangin's usefulness is more dramatic than the undramatic phase of it in which she is now faithfully toiling. Her coolness under fire, her steadiness under overwhelming responsibilities, her astonishing physical endurance do not thrill me more than this prompt, disciplined ability to take up civilian life again and quiet, civilian duties.

She has organized the hospital ingeniously along original lines, as a perfect reproduction of what the nurses will encounter at the front: a series of barracks, a ward to each shed, with the nurse's little sleeping-cubicle at the end with its rough but sufficient sanitary arrangements. Another unit is given over to the operating-room and its appendages, the sterilizing-room, anesthetic-room, etc. Another is the administrative building, and contains the offices of the *médecin-en-chef*, the head-nurse, the pharmacy, the bacteriological laboratory. At one side are very simple but wholesome sleeping quarters and study-rooms for the fifty and more nurses who pass through the school every three months. For Dr. Girard-Mangin only takes them in hand when they have already completed a course of training in ordinary hospitals. Even then she weeds out rigorously, in the middle of the

short, intensive, concentrated, course, those who do not show the necessary physical, mental, and moral qualities to fit them for the grave responsibilities they will have at the front, for nurses from this hospital go out to direct and run the field hospitals, not merely to be nurses there.

The work for the doctor at the head is a "grind," nothing less, monotonous, like all teaching—an ever-reiterated repetition of the same thing—no glory, no change, no bright face of danger. The clear brown eyes face it as coolly, as undaunted, as they faced bursting shells, or maddened soldiers. The clear-thinking brain sees its vital importance to the country as well as it saw the more picturesque need for staying with sick men under fire. The well-tempered will keeps lassitude and fatigue at bay, keeps the whole highly strung, highly developed organism patiently, steadily, enduringly at work for France.

There, my fellow-citizens in America, there is a citizen to envy, to imitate!

—DOROTHY CANFIELD.

III

THE WORK OF A RANCHMAN

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Theodore Roosevelt went to Dakota straight from the Chicago convention, arriving at Chimney Butte Ranch about the middle of June. The country was at its best, with the bright young grass in one unbroken carpet over the prairie, and here and there in daubs of vivid green on the dark red and purple of the buttes.

Roosevelt now entered with heart and soul on the work of a ranchman. The most exacting work of the season, the spring round-up, had been completed, but there were other smaller round-ups nearer home and no lack at any time of other work. He was in the saddle from morning until night, riding among the cattle, hunting stray horses (and they were always straying), breaking ponies, cutting wood, varying the day's toil only by an occasional excursion at dawn or dusk after water-fowl or grouse, when salt pork became wearisome.

The vigorous outdoor life in a wild country amid hardy men thrilled Theodore Roosevelt to the depths. Beside it the life of politics and society seemed for the moment unreal and utterly valueless. His double bereave-

ment had made the very intercourse with acquaintances and friends of the happy former times a source of renewed pain. His little daughter Alice was living with "Bamie" in the house on Fifty-seventh Street. Soon that house was to be closed. The old home and the home that had been his during the first years of his married life were both gone. He determined that he would build a new home in surroundings that had no painful memories. Forty miles north of Chimney Butte, where the Little Missouri took a long swing westward through a fertile bottom bordered along its mile or two of length by sheer cliff walls, on a low bluff surmounted by cottonwood-trees, he found the bleached interlocked antlers of two great elk; and there he determined to build his house.

He went East in the first days of July to take what part he could in the Presidential campaign and to make final arrangements with Bill Sewall and Will Dow, whom he had urged as early as March to try their fortunes in Dakota.

Sewall had come to New York late the same month, elated at the prospect. On his return to the East, early in July, Roosevelt wrote him once more:

Now, a little plain talk, though I do not think it necessary, for I know you too well. If you are
✓ afraid of hard work and privation, do not come West. If you expect to make a fortune in a year or two, do not come West. If you will give up under
✓ temporary discouragements, do not come West. If, on the other hand, you are willing to work hard,

especially the first year; if you realize that for a couple of years you cannot expect to make much more than you are now making; and if you also know that at the end of that time you will be in receipt of about a thousand dollars for the third year, with an unlimited rise ahead of you and a future as bright as you yourself choose to make it — then come. Now I take it for granted you will not hesitate at this time. So fix up your affairs *at once*, and be ready to start before the end of this month.

Sewall did not hesitate; nor did Dow. They left New York with Roosevelt the last day of July, arriving at Chimney Butte the 5th of August.

Sewall's eyes gleamed at the wildness of the country, but he turned that evening to Roosevelt with a troubled look. "You won't make any money raising cattle in this country," he remarked.

"Bill, you don't know anything about it!" retorted Theodore the younger.

Bill laughed. "Well, I guess that's just about right, too," he said.

They remained at Chimney Butte two days, and then rode north forty miles to Elkhorn, the new ranch, driving a hundred head of cattle before them, now following the dry river-bed, now branching off inland, crossing the great plateaus and winding through the ravines of the broken country. There was already a shack on the new ranch, a primitive affair with a dirt roof, which Sewall and Dow now made their headquarters.

The cattle that Roosevelt and his friends from Maine had driven down the river from Chimney Butte were

intended to be the nucleus of the Elkhorn herd. They were young grade short-horns of Eastern origin, less wild than the long-horn Texas steers, but liable, on new ground, to stray off and be lost in the innumerable coulees round about. So each night the three men, aided by some expert like Merrifield, "bedded" them down on the level bottom, one or the other of them riding slowly and quietly round and round the herd, heading off and turning back into it all that tried to stray. This was not altogether a simple business, for there was danger of stampede in making the slightest unusual noise. Now and then they would call to the cattle softly as they rode, or sing to them until the steers had all lain down, close together. And even then, at times, one of the men would stay on guard, riding round and round the herd, calling and singing.

There was something magical in the strange sound of it in the clear air under the stars.

The cattle had accustomed themselves to their new surroundings by the end of the month, and Roosevelt went south with Merrifield and the men from Maine to attend a round-up in the great cattle country west of the Little Missouri. They took the wagon, following the old Fort Keogh trail. Cattle had a way of straying far in the summers in their eagerness for green grass, and the search, in this case, carried Roosevelt and his party across south-eastern Montana and half-way across Wyoming to the very base of the Big Horn Mountains where eight years previously Custer had been killed. Those mountains offered Roosevelt a temptation not to be resisted.

Sewall and Dow were off with the round-up, "cutting out" cattle that bore the Maltese cross or the triangle brand of the Roosevelt ranches. His interests, therefore, were in good hands. He left the wagon on the first ridge of the Big Horn Mountains, and with Merrifield, and a weather-beaten old plainsman "with an inexhaustible fund of misinformation" as teamster of his pack-train, started into the mountains for a fortnight's hunt.

They followed an old Indian trail, ascending through the dense pine woods where the trunks rose like straight columns, close together, and up the sides of rocky gorges, driving the pack-train with endless difficulty over fallen timber and along ticklish ridges. They pitched their camp at last beside a beautiful, clear mountain brook that ran through a glade ringed by slender pines; and from there hunted among the peaks round about. The weather was clear and cold, with thin ice covering the dark waters of the mountain tarns, and now and again slight snowfalls that made the forest gleam and glisten in the moonlight like fairyland. Through the frosty air they could hear the vibrant, musical note of the bull elk far off, calling to the cows or challenging one another.

No country could have been better adapted to still hunting than the great, pine-clad mountains, studded with open glades. Roosevelt loved the thrill of the chase, but he loved no less the companionship of the majestic trees and the shy wild creatures which sprang across his path or ran with incredible swiftness along the overhanging boughs. Moving on noiseless moccasins, he caught alluring glimpses of the inner life of the mountains,

It was long and weary traveling across the desolate reaches of burnt prairie over which, day after day, Roosevelt galloped now in this direction, now in that, on the lookout for game, while the heavy wagon lumbered on. At last, after many days, they reached a strange and romantic region of isolated buttes of sandstone, cut by the weather into most curious caves and columns, battlements, spires, and flying buttresses. It was a beautiful and fantastic place and they made their camp there.

The moon was full and the night clear, and the flame of the camp-fire leaped up the cliffs, so that the weird, carved shapes seemed alive. Outside the circle of the fire the cliffs shone like silver under the moon, throwing grotesque shadows.

It was like a country seen in a dream.

Roosevelt went East again late in September to do what he could in an uninspiring campaign to help elect Blaine President. But Cleveland was victorious and Roosevelt, resigning himself to a fact that no effort of his could now alter, returned to Dakota. 188

Sewall and Dow were at Elkhorn, busy cutting the timber for the new house, which was to stand under the shade of a row of cottonwood-trees overlooking the broad, shallow bed of the Little Missouri. They were both mighty men with the ax. Roosevelt himself was no amateur, but he could not compete with the stalwart backwoodsmen.

One evening he overheard one of the cowboys ask Dow what the day's cut had been. "Well, Bill cut

down fifty-three," answered Dow, "I cut forty-nine, and the boss," he added, dryly, not realizing that Roosevelt was within hearing—"the boss he beavered down seventeen."

Roosevelt remembered a tree-stump he had seen recently, gnawed down by a beaver, and grinned.

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Winter now settled down over the Bad Lands in earnest. There was little snow, but the cold was fierce in its intensity. By day, the plains and buttes were dazzling to the eye under the clear weather; by night, the trees cracked and groaned from the strain of the biting frost. Even the stars seemed to snap and glitter. The river lay fixed in its shining bed of glistening white, "like a huge bent bar of blue steel." Wolves and lynxes traveled up and down it at night as though it were a highway.

Roosevelt was now living mainly at Chimney Butte, writing somewhat and reading much, sharing fully meanwhile in the hardship of the winter work. It was not always pleasant to be out of doors, but the herds had to be carefully watched and every day (which began with breakfast at five—three hours before sunrise) he or one of his men was in the saddle from dawn to dark, riding about among them and turning back any herd that seemed to be straggling toward the open plains. In the open country there was always a strong wind that never failed to freeze ears or fingers or toes, in spite of flannels and furs. The cattle suffered much, standing huddled in the bushes in the ravines; and some of the young stock died of exposure. . . .

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The ranch-house was completed in the late spring. It was a spacious place for that region, and, in its plain fashion, comfortable and homelike. It was, above all, "fit for women folks," which was more than could be said of the shack with a dirt roof at Chimney Butte. Wilmot Dow was sent East in July "to fetch them out."

They came in early August, Will Dow with his newly wedded bride, escorting Bill Sewall's wife and three-year-old daughter. They were back-woodswomen, self-reliant, fearless, high-hearted, true mates to their stalwart men. Before Roosevelt knew what was happening they had turned the new house into a home.

And now for them all began a season of deep and quiet contentment that was to remain in the memories of all of them as a kind of idyl. It was a life of elemental toil, hardship, and danger, and of strong, elemental pleasures — rest after labor, food after hunger, warmth and shelter after bitter cold. In that life there was no room for distinctions of social position or wealth. They respected one another and cared for one another because and only because each knew that the others were brave and loyal and steadfast.

Life on the ranch proved a more joyous thing than ever, after the women had taken charge. They demanded certain necessities at once. They demanded chickens; they demanded at least one cow. No one had thought of a cow. So Roosevelt and Sewall and Dow between them roped one of the range and threw her, and sat on her, and milked her upside down, which was not altogether satisfactory, but was, for the time being, the best thing

they could do. There was now a new charm in shooting game, with women at home to cook it. And Mrs. Sewall baked bread that was not at all like the bread Bill baked. Soon she was even baking cake, which was an unheard-of luxury in the Bad Lands. Then, after a while, the buffalo berries and wild plums began to disappear from the bushes round about and appear on the table as jam.

“However big you build the house, it won’t be big enough for two women,” pessimists had remarked. But their forebodings were not realized. At Elkhorn no cross word was heard. They were, taken altogether, a very happy family. Roosevelt was “the boss,” in the sense that, since he footed the bills, power of final decision was his; but only in that sense. He saddled his own horse; now and then he washed his own clothes; he fed the pigs; and once, on a rainy day, he blacked the Sunday boots of every man, woman, and child in the place. He was not encouraged to repeat that performance. The folks from Maine made it quite clear that if the boots needed blacking at all, which was doubtful, they thought some one else ought to do the blacking—not at all because it seemed to them improper that Roosevelt should black anybody’s boots, but because he did it so badly. The paste came off on everything it touched. The women “mothered” him, setting his belongings to rights at stated intervals, for he was not conspicuous for orderliness. He, in turn, treated the women with the friendliness and respect he showed to the women of his own family. And the little Sewall girl was never short of toys.

Elkhorn Ranch was a joyous place those days. Cowboys, hearing of it, came from a distance for a touch of home life and the luxury of hearing a woman's voice.

The summer days were for Roosevelt, as well as for his men, full of vigorous toil, beginning before the stars had fully faded out of the sky at dawn and ending in heavy slumber before the last of the sunset had been swallowed by the night. He was in the saddle much of the time, working among the cattle, salvaging steers mired in the numerous bogholes and quicksands, driving in calves overlooked in the spring branding, breaking ponies, hunting. Meanwhile he was writing a *Life of Thomas Hart Benton* for the "American Statesmen Series" and was preparing for the press a remarkably entertaining volume of hunting experiences called *Hunting Trips of a Ranchman*, which he had written the previous winter.

Much of the time he was away from the ranch on the various round-ups, either alone or with as many of his men as could be spared from the daily chores of the ranch. He enjoyed enormously the excitement and rough but hearty comradeship of these round-ups, which brought him in touch with ranchmen and cowboys from hundreds of miles around. The work was hard and incessant and not without danger from man and beast. The cattle never harmed him, but the ponies did. He was a good, but not extraordinary, rider, and even extraordinary riders were at times sent over the heads of their ponies. During the round-up that summer Roosevelt was bucked off more than once. On one occasion the point of his

shoulder was broken. There were no surgeons in that round-up. The shoulder had to mend by itself as well as it could while its owner went about his work as usual.

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The day's work on the round-up commenced at three in the morning with a yell from the cook, and lasted until sundown or after, and not infrequently the whole night through. All day Roosevelt remained in the saddle. The morning — and it was generally eight hours long — was given to "riding the long circle" in couples, driving into the wagon camp whatever cattle had been found in the hills. The afternoon was spent in "cutting out" of the herd thus gathered the cattle belonging to the various brands. This was difficult and dangerous work. Representatives of each brand rode in succession into the midst of the herd, working the animal they were after gently to the edge, then with a sudden dash taking it off at a run. The calves would follow their mothers and would then be branded with the mark of the owner of the cow.

At night there was occasionally guard duty, a two hours' slow patrol about the restless herd. It was monotonous work, and in stormy weather no joy at all; but on clear, warm nights Roosevelt, sleepy as he was from the day's exertion, was not sorry to lope through the lonely silence under the stars, listening to the breathing of the cattle, alert every instant to meet whatever emergency might arise from out that dark, moving mass.

One night there was a heavy storm. Fearing a stampede, the night herders sent a call of "all hands out." Roosevelt leaped on the pony he always kept picketed

near him. Suddenly there was a terrific peal of thunder. The lightning struck almost into the herd itself, and with heads and tails high the panic-stricken animals plunged off into the blackness. For an instant Roosevelt could distinguish nothing but the dark forms of the cattle rushing by him like a spring freshet on both sides. The herd split, half turning off to the left, the rest thundering on. He galloped at top speed, hoping to reach the leaders and turn them.

He heard a wild splashing ahead. One instant he was aware that the cattle in front of him and beside him were disappearing; the next, he himself was plunging over a cut bank into the Little Missouri. He bent far back. His horse almost fell, recovered himself, plunged forward, and, struggling through water and quicksand, made the other side.

For a second he saw another cowboy beside him. The man disappeared in the darkness and the deluge, and Roosevelt galloped off through a grove of cottonwoods after the diminished herd. The ground was rough and full of pitfalls. Twice his horse turned a somersault, throwing him. At last the cattle came to a halt and after one more half-hearted stampede, as the white dawn came, turned reluctantly back toward camp.

Roosevelt gathered in stray groups of cattle as he went, driving them before him. After a while he came upon a cowboy carrying his saddle on his head. It was the man he had seen for a flash during the storm. His horse had run into a tree and been killed. He himself had escaped by a miracle.

The men in the camp were just starting on the long circle when Roosevelt returned. Only half the herd had been brought back, they said. He snatched a hurried breakfast, leaped on a fresh horse, and again was away into the hills. It was ten hours before he was back at the wagon camp once more for a hasty meal and a fresh horse.

When he went to sleep that night he had been in the saddle forty hours. The cow-punchers decided that "the man with four eyes" "had the stuff" in him.

And so, quietly "doing his job" from day to day, in no way playing on his position or his wealth, but accepting the discipline of the camp and the orders of the captain of the round-up as every other self-respecting cowboy accepted them, Theodore Roosevelt gradually made his place in the rough world of the Bad Lands. He was not a crack rider or a fancy roper, but the captain of the round-up learned by and by that if a cow persisted in lying down in a thick patch of bulberry-bushes, refusing to come out, Roosevelt's persistence could be relied on to outlast the cow's. At the end of the day, as well as the beginning, he could be counted on to do the unattractive task that fell in his way. That, the captain decided, was of considerably greater importance for the success of a round-up than any handiness with a lariat.

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Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-six years old, no longer asthmatic now, but as hardy in body as he was fearless in spirit, became, in less than a year from that early September morning when he had first descended from the train

at Medora, an important factor in the life of the Bad Lands. Ranchmen as well as cowboys respected him and liked him and treated him as a comrade. They did even more. They elected him president of the Little Missouri Stockmen's Association because they admired his "ginger" and knew that he was "square."

—HERMANN HAGEDORN.

TH 24/36

IV

THE ZADOC PINE LABOR UNION

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When Zadoc Pine's father died, Zadoc found himself alone in the North Woods, three miles from Silsbee's Station, twenty-one years old, six foot one inch high, in perfect health, with a good appetite. He had gone to school one summer; he could read and write fairly well, and could cipher very well. He had gone through the history of the United States, and he had a hazy idea of geography. When his father's estate was settled up, and all debts paid, Zadoc owned two silver dollars, the clothes he stood in, one extra flannel shirt, done up in a bandanna handkerchief in company with a razor, a comb, a toothbrush, and two collars. Besides these things he had a six-inch clasp-knife and an old-fashioned muzzle-loading percussion-cap rifle.

Old man Pine had been a good Adirondack guide in his time; but for the last six years he had been laid up, a helpless cripple, with inflammatory rheumatism. He and his son — old Pine's wife had died before the boy was ten years old — lived in their little house in the woods. The father had some small savings, and the son could

earn a little as a sort of auxiliary guide. He got a job here and there where some party needed an extra man. Zadoc was an excellent shot; but he was no fisherman, and he had little knowledge of the streams and ponds further in the woods.

So, when the old father was gone, when Zadoc had paid the last cent of his debt to the storekeeper at Silsbee's — the storekeeper taking the almost worthless shanty of the Pines in part payment — when he had settled with Silsbee's saw-mill for the boards out of which he himself had made his father's coffin, Zadoc Pine stood on the station platform and wondered what was going to become of him, or, rather, as he put it, "what he was a-going for to do with himself."

There was no employment for him at Silsbee's Station. He might, perhaps, get a job as guide; but it was doubtful, and he had seen too much of the life. It seemed to him a waste of energy. To live as his father had lived, a life of toil and exposure, a dreary existence of hard work and small profit, and to end at last penniless and in debt for food, was no part of Zadoc's plans. He knew from the maps in the old geography that the whole Adirondack region was only a tiny patch on the map of the United States. Somewhere outside there he was sure he would find a place for himself.

He knew that the little northern railroad at his feet connected with the greater roads to the south. But the great towns of the State were only so many names to him. His eyes were not turned toward New York. He had "guided" for parties of New York men, and he

had learned enough to make himself sure that New York was too large for him. "I wouldn't be no more good down there," he said to himself, "then they be up here. 'Tain't my size."

Yet somewhere he must go. He had watched the young men who employed him, and he had made up his mind to two things: First, these young men had money; second, he could get it if they could. One had jokingly shown him a hundred-dollar bill, and had asked him to change it. There was some part of the world, then, where people could be free and easy with hundred-dollar bills. Why was not that the place for him? "They know a lot more 'n I do," he said; "but they hed to l'arn it fust-off; an' I guess ef their brains was so everlastin' much better'n mine they wouldn't souse 'em with whiskey the way they do."

As Zadoc Pine stood on the platform, feeling of the two silver dollars in his pocket, he saw the wagon drive up from Silsbee's saw-mill with a load of timber, and old Mr. Silsbee on top of the load. There was a train of flat cars on the siding, where it had been lying for an hour, waiting for the up train. When the wagon arrived, Mr. Silsbee, the station-master, and the engineer of the train had a three-cornered colloquy of a noisy sort. The station-master after awhile withdrew, shrugging his shoulders with the air of a man who declines to engage further in a profitless discussion.

"What's the matter?" asked Zadoc.

"That there lumber of Silsbee's," said the station-master, who was a New England man. "The durned old

cantankerous cuss is kickin' because he can't ship it. Why, this here train's so short o' hands they can't hardly run it ez 'tis, let alone loadin' lumber."

"Where's it goin' to?" inquired Zadoc, "an' why's this train short o' hands?"

"Goin' to South Ridge, Noo Jersey," said the station-master, "or 'twould be ef 'twan't for this blame strike. Can't get nobody to load it."

"Where's South Ridge?" was Zadoc's next inquiry.

"'Bout ten or twenty miles from Noo York."

"Country?"

"Country 'nough, I guess. Ask Silsbee."

Zadoc walked after Mr. Silsbee, who was by this time marching back towards the saw-mill, red in the face and puffing hard. Zadoc got in front of him.

"Mornin', Mr. Silsbee," he said.

"Mornin'—er—who are ye? Oh, Enoch Pine's boy, hey? Mornin', young man—I hain't got no time—"

"How much is it wuth to you to get them sticks to where they're goin' to?" demanded Zadoc.

"Wuth? It's wuth hundreds of dollars to me, young man—it's wuth—"

"Is it wuth a five-dollar bill?" Zadoc interrupted.

"Whatyermean?"

"You know me, Squire Silsbee. If it's wuth a five-dollar bill to get them timbers down to South Ridge, New Jersey, an' you can get that engineer to take me on as an extra hand that far, I'll load 'em on, go down there with 'em, an' unload 'em. All I want's five dollars for my keep while I'm a-goin'."

"You don't want t' go to South Ridge?" gasped Mr. Silsbee.

"Yaas, I do."

"Whut fer?"

"Fer my health," said Zadoc. The squire looked at the muscular, sunburnt animal before him, and he had to grin.

"Well," he said, "'tain't none o' *my* business. You come along, an' I'll see if that pig-headed fool will let you work your way down."

One hour later Zadoc was rolling southward on a flat car, and learning how to work brakes as he went. It was a wonderful pleasure trip to him. He asked nothing; he was strong as a bull moose; and he was simply enchanted to see the great world stringing itself out along the line of the railroad track. He had never in his life seen a settlement larger than Silsbee's, and when the villages turned into towns and the towns into cities, he was so much interested that he lost his appetite. He asked the train hands all the questions he could think of, and acquired some information, although they did not care to talk about much except the great strike and the probable action of the unions.

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It was about six o'clock of a cloudy May evening when Zadoc Pine jumped off the car at South Ridge and helped to unload Mr. Silsbee's cargo of timber. The brakeman on his end of the train said, "So long!" Zadoc said "So long!" and the train whirled on to New York.

Zadoc stood by the track and gazed somewhat dis-

mally after his travelling home. He was roused from something like a brown study when the station-master of South Ridge hailed him.

"Hi, country! where are you?"

"Is this New Jersey?" asked Zadoc.

"Yes. What did you think it was — Ohio?"

Zadoc had heard something of the national reputation of the State from his late companions.

"Well," he reflected, "I must be pretty mildewed when a Jerseyman hollers 'country' at me."

Zadoc made this reflection aloud. The station-master walked off with a growl, and two or three gentlemen who were talking on the platform laughed quietly. Zadoc walked up to one of them.

"I brung that lumber down here," he said; "I'd like to know who owns it. Maybe there's more job in it fer me?"

"I don't think so," one of the gentlemen said, in a rather cold and distant way. "That is for the new station, and the railway company has its own hands."

Zadoc looked all about him. There was no town to be seen. He was among the foot-hills of the Orange Mountains, and on all sides of him were undulating slopes, some open, some wooded. He saw old-fashioned farm-houses, and many more modern dwellings, of what seemed to him great size and beauty, although they were only ordinary suburban cottages of the better sort. But nowhere could he see shops or factories. There was a quarry high up on one of the slopes, but that was all. It looked like a poor place in which to seek for work.

"Well," he remarked, "maybe there's somewheres where I can put up fer to-night."

"What sort of place?" the gentleman asked.

"Well," said Zadoc, "some sort of inn, or tavern, or suthin', where I c'n get about ten cents' wuth o' style an' ninety cents' wuth o' sleep an' feed."

Two of the gentlemen laughed; but the one to whom Zadoc had spoken, who seemed a dignified and haughty person, answered in a chilly and discouraging way:

"Go down this street to the cross-roads, and ask for Bryan's. That is where the quarrymen board."

He turned away, and went in the other direction with his companions. Zadoc Pine shouldered his rifle, picked up the handkerchief which held his other belongings, and trudged down the road under the new foliage of the great chestnuts. He came in a little while to the cross-roads, where there were four huddled blocks of shabby square houses. There was a butcher's shop, a grocer's, a baker's, three or four drinking-places, and Bryan's. This was the forlornest house of all. There was a dirty attempt at an ice-cream saloon in the front, and in the rear was a large room with a long table, where the quarrymen took their meals. When Zadoc arrived, the quarrymen were sitting on the sidewalk in front of the house with their feet in the gutter. They were smoking pipes and talking in a dull way among themselves. By the time that Zadoc had bargained for a room, with supper and breakfast, for one dollar, supper was announced, and they all came in. Zadoc did not like either his companions or his supper.

He did not know enough of the distinguishing marks of various nationalities to guess at the nativity of these men, but he knew that they were not Americans. He tried to talk to the man nearest him, but the man did not want to talk. Zadoc asked him about the work and the wages at the quarry.

"It's a dollar-twinty-five a day," the quarryman said, sullenly; "an' it's a shame! The union ain't doin' nothin' fer us. An' there ain't no more quarrymen wanted. There's Milliken, he owns the carrts; mebbe he'll take a driver. But if ye want a job, ye'll have to see McCuskey, the dilligate."

"What might a dilligate be?" inquired the young man from the North Woods.

"The mon what runs the union. Ye're a union mon, ain't ye?"

"Guess not," said Zadoc.

"Thin y'd best be out of this," the man said, rising rudely and lumbering off.

"Guess I won't wake McCuskey up in the mornin'," Zadoc thought; "dollar-'n-a-quarter's big money; but I don't want no sech work ez quarryin', ef it makes a dead log of a man like that."

He finished his meal and went into the street. Bryan was leaning against the door-jamb, conversing with a tall man on the sidewalk. It was the gentleman whom Zadoc had seen at the station.

"You can't get him this week, Mr. Thorndyke," said Bryan. "Bixby's ahead of you, and the Baxters. They been waitin' three weeks for him. Fact is, Andy don't

want to do no more th'n two days' work in a week."

"Can't you think of any other man?" Mr. Thorndyke queried, irritably. "Here I have been waiting for this fellow a whole fortnight to dig a half-dozen beds in my garden, and I don't believe he intends to come. There ought to be somebody who wants the job. Can't some of these men here come after hours, or before, and do it? I pay well enough for the work."

There was no movement among the quarrymen, who were once more sitting on the edge of the sidewalk, with their feet in the gutter.

"I don't know of no one, Mr. Thorndyke," said Bryan, and Mr. Thorndyke turned back up the road.

"Diggin' garden-beds?" mused Zadoc. "I ain't never dug no garden-beds; but I hev dug fer bait, 'n I guess the principle's the same — on'y you don't hev to sort out the wums." He walked rapidly after Mr. Thorndyke, and overtook him.

"Don't you want me to dig them beds fer you?" he inquired.

"*Can* you dig them?" Mr. Thorndyke looked surprised and suspicious.

"That's what I'm here fer."

"Do you know where my house is? The third on the hill?"

"Third she is," said Zadoc.

"Come up to-morrow morning."

Zadoc went back to Bryan's and went to bed in a narrow, close room, overlooking an ill-kept back yard. It was dirty, it was cheerless; worst of all, it was air-

less. Zadoc's mind was made up. "Ef this suits quarrymen, quarryin' don't suit me."

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He had a bad night, and arose at five the next morning. At six he went to a breakfast that was worse than the supper had been. Zadoc had been used to poor and coarse fare all his life, but there was something about this flabby, flavorless, greasy, boarding-house food that went against him. He ate what he could, and then walked up the road toward Mr. Thorndyke's house. As he went higher up the hill he saw that the houses at the cross-roads were very much unlike their surroundings. To a man born and brought up in the skirts of the North Woods, this New Jersey village seemed a very paradise. The green lawns amazed him; the neat fences, the broad roads, the great trees, standing clear of underbrush, were all marvels in his eyes. And besides the comfortable farm-houses and the mansions of the rich and great, he saw many humbler dwellings of a neat and well-ordered sort. From one of these a pretty girl, standing in the doorway, with her right arm in a sling, looked at him with curiosity, and what Zadoc took to be kindly interest. It was really admiration. If Zadoc had ever thought to enquire, he would have learned that he was not only big, but good-looking.

He lingered a little as he passed this place, to admire it. The house had two stories, of which the lower was of rough stone, brightly whitewashed. In front was a bit of a garden, in which green things were sprouting. In the little woodshed, to one side, a neat old woman,

with pretty, white hair, was cutting kindling-wood. The girl in the doorway was very pretty, if her arm *was* in a sling. Zadoc looked it all over with entire approval. "That's *my* size," he thought.

He found no one awake at Mr. Thorndyke's house, and he sat on the front steps until half-past seven o'clock, when Mr. Thorndyke himself came out to get the morning paper, which had been left on the front porch. Zadoc had read it through already.

"You are early," was Mr. Thorndyke's greeting.

"I was earlier when I come," returned Zadoc. "Been here more'n an hour. Awful waste o' God's sunlight, when there's work a-waitin."

"Well," said Mr. Thorndyke coldly, as he led the way around the corner of the house, "here are the beds. The lines are pegged out. I suppose there is about a day's work on them, and I will pay you at the usual rate for gardeners' work, hereabouts — a dollar and a half."

"Yaas," said Zadoc, as he looked over the territory staked out, "I see. But if this job's wuth a dollar-'n'-a-half to you, I'd ruther take it *ex* a job, at them figgers. I *can* fool away a day on it, ef that'll please you better; but I'd ruther git through with it when I git through, ef it's all the same to you."

"I don't care how you do it," Mr. Thorndyke said, "so long as it is done, and done properly, when I come home to-night at six."

"You needn't put off coming home for me," was Zadoc's cheerful assurance.

Then he proceeded to ask Mr. Thorndyke a number

of questions about the manner in which the beds were to be dug. Mr. Thorndyke knit his brows.

"Haven't you ever dug beds before?"

"I never dug no beds fer *you*. When I do work fer a man I do it to suit him, an' not to suit some other feller."

"How do I know that you can do the work at all?"

"You don't," said Zadoc, frankly; "but ef 'tain't satisfactory you don't hev to pay. *That's* cheap fer a hole in the ground."

"Have you a spade?" Mr. Thorndyke demanded, and his manner was depressingly stern.

"No, I ain't," said Zadoc, "but I'll git one."

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Zadoc walked up to the next house on the hill, which was a large and imposing structure. It belonged to the richest man in South Ridge, and the richest man was sitting on his front porch.

"Got a spade to lend?" Zadoc asked.

"What do you want it for?" the richest man demanded.

"Fer a job down there to Squire Thorndyke's, next door," Zadoc informed him.

"Did Mr. Thorndyke send you?"

"No, I come myself."

The millionaire of South Ridge stared at Zadoc for a moment, and then arose, walked around the house, and presently reappeared with a spade. "When you bring this back," he said, "give it to the man in the stable."

"Much obliged!" said Zadoc.

The beds were all dug before three o'clock, and Mrs. Thorndyke came out and expressed her approval. Zadoc took off his hat and bowed, as his father had told him he should do when he met a lady.

"I see," he remarked, "you've got some mornin'-glories set out alongside o' the house. Ef you'll get me a ladder an' some string, an' nails an' a hammer, I'll train 'em up fer yer."

Mrs. Thorndyke looked doubtful.

"I don't know what arrangement my husband has made with you," she began; but Zadoc interrupted her.

"There ain't nothin' to pay fer that, ma'am. One pertater on top 'f the measure don't break no one, and it kinder holds trade."

The ladder and the other things were brought out, and Zadoc climbed up and fastened the strings as he had seen them arranged for the morning-glories that climbed up the walls of Squire Silsbee's house.

While he was on the ladder, the rich man next door, whose name, by the way, was Vredenburg, came down and leaned on the fence and talked to Mrs. Thorndyke.

"Getting the place in good trim, aren't you?"

"Trying to," said Mrs. Thorndyke. "There are ever so many things to do. I've sent to three men already, to cart my ash-heap away, and they won't come. There's a wandering gardener here who has just dug my beds; if it hadn't been for him, I should have gone without flowers all the summer."

Zadoc heard this and grinned; and then he began to

think. He had been looking over toward the quarry during the day, and he had noticed that the horses stood idle a large part of the time. There was one tall gray hitched to a cart, whose business it was to remove the small stones and waste, and who did not make one trip an hour, resting for the greater part of the time under a huge tree.

"That horse ain't too tired," thought Zadoc, "to give a feller a lift after workin' hours."

By four o'clock the strings were up for the morning-glories. Mr. Thorndyke would not return before six. Zadoc strolled down to the quarry and found Milliken. He asked Milliken what would be a proper charge for the services of the big gray horse for two hours after six o'clock. Milliken thought fifty cents would pay him and the horse. Then Zadoc continued his stroll, and found out that the dumping-grounds of South Ridge were near the river, among the tailings of an abandoned quarry.

After that he went back to Bryan's and got a couple of eggs cooked for his private supper. He had had his dinner at the noon hour, and it was worse than the breakfast. The eggs were, as he told Mr. Bryan, "kinder 'twixt grass and hay." He felt that he had had enough of Bryan's.

Going up the road to Mr. Thorndyke's, he came to the neat little house that he had noticed the night before; he looked at it for a minute, and then he went in and asked the white-haired old woman if she did not want to take him as a boarder. She said that she did not; she

was a lone widow-woman, and she had all she could do to pay her way with doing washing, and she didn't want no quarrymen fooling around her house; she knew what quarrymen were.

Zadoc explained to her that he was not a quarryman. He told her all about himself, and about his dissatisfaction with Bryan's arrangements; but she only shook her head and said that she didn't want him. He was going out of the door, when the young girl who had smiled on him yesterday, and who had been listening in a corner, came forward and spoke earnestly to the old woman.

"He *looks* good, mother," Zadoc heard her say; "and it's to his credit that he don't like Bryan's. If he's a decent man, we oughtn't to send him back to a place like that. It's a shame for a young man to be left among those people."

The old woman wavered. "We might try him," she said.

Zadoc came back.

"You try me, and you'll keep me," said he. "An' ez fer you, young woman, ef you use ez much judgment when you pick out a husband ez you do when you choose a boarder, you'll do first-rate." The young woman blushed.

Then they talked about the proper price of Zadoc's board, and they all agreed that two dollars a week would be fair. Zadoc paid down the two dollars in advance, and was without a cent in the world, for Bryan had taken his other dollar for the two bad meals. But Zadoc did not mind that and within fifteen minutes he had

moved his possessions into a clean little whitewashed room in the second story of the widow Dadd's house. The widow was much troubled at the sight of his rifle; but she finally consented to let it hang on his white wall; and Zadoc ate his supper, although he had eaten one already, and made the meal as cheerful as he could to Mrs. Dadd and her daughter, which was not difficult to him, for it was a good supper. A little before six he marched off to Mr. Thorndyke's.

Mr. Thorndyke paid him his dollar and a half; and Zadoc broached a new project.

"There's that there ash-heap o' yourn," he said, "why can't I cart that off fer you?"

"But you haven't a cart," Mr. Thorndyke objected.

"I'll have one," Zadoc said. "What's the job wuth?"

"I've always paid a dollar."

Zadoc rubbed his chin and mused. "I'll call on ye for thet dollar when I've earned it," he said. "Evenin'!"

Zadoc had been at the back of the house during the day, and had sized up the ash-heap, as well as one or two other things. He walked down to the quarry and got the big gray and his cart, and drove up to the Thorndykes' back yard. There he shovelled the ash-heap (the shovel went with the horse and cart) into the vehicle. There was just one load. There had been a heavy rain during the night, and the ashes were packed close. The cart held a cubic yard, and it was not overloaded when Zadoc drove it down the road toward the old quarry.

As he drove he looked ahead, and he noticed that the sidewalks, or raised paths to right and left of the road, were made of ashes pounded down—not cinders from the railroad, but ordinary hard-coal ashes, beaten into a compact mass. Before he had driven half a mile he saw, some hundred feet in front of him, a broad break in the sidewalk to his right—a gully washed out by the rain. He stopped his horse behind a clump of trees, alighted, and walked forward to the gate in front of a comfortable house. The owner was pottering about, looking at the vines that were beginning to climb up the wires on his veranda. Zadoc accosted him.

“Evenin’! You’ve got a bad hole in that there path o’ yourn.”

“Are you a road-inspector?” asked the man of the house, in a disagreeable tone of voice.

“No,” said Zadoc, “I’m a road-mender. You’ve got ter fill that hole up. S’pose I fill it up fer you fer fifty cents?”

“Yer ain’t going to drive out here and mend that walk for half a dollar, are you?” the man asked, incredulously.

“I’m a-goin’ to take it on my reggleler rowt,” replied Zadoc. “Does she go?”

The man looked over the fence at the big hole. “She goes,” he said.

It was just one hour later, when some light lingered in the sky, that the householder with the broken sidewalk paid Zadoc Pine his fifty cents. He paid it with a dazed look on his face; but Zadoc was as bright and airy as usual as he pocketed the money and drove back to the

quarry-stables. His cubic yard of ashes had filled the gap and left a little over, with which he had patched a few smaller breaks.

When Zadoc arose on the morrow and stepped out of doors to breathe the morning air, he saw the white-haired widow chopping kindling-wood in the shed.

"That ain't no work fer you," he said.

"Who's to do it?" the widow asked; "my darter, her arm's lame. She lamed it snatchin' a child off the railroad-track in front of the engyne. The engyne hit her. It was one o' them delegate's children, an' no thanks to nobody. Who's to chop kindlin' if I don't?"

"I be, I reckon," said Zadoc. He took the hatchet out of her hands and split up a week's supply. It was sharp work on an empty stomach; but he took it out of the breakfast, a little later.

After breakfast he walked down to Centre, the nearest large town, and spent an hour in a paint-shop there. He asked a great many questions, and the men in the shop had a good deal of fun with him. Zadoc knew it, but he did not care. "Amooses them, don't hurt me, an' keeps the derned fools talkin'," he said to himself.

He returned to South Ridge in time for dinner, and in the afternoon sallied out to look for a job. Remembering the Bixbys and the Baxters, and the fact that "Andy" did not care for more than two days' work in the week, Zadoc thought he would offer his services to the two families. "Thar' ain't no room in this world," he reflected, "for two-day men. The six-day men has first call on all jobs."

The Bixbys gave him the work, and paid him a dollar for the afternoon's work; but he could not come to terms with the Baxters. They wanted him to take fifty cents for half a day's work.

"But you'd 'a' had ter pay that there other feller a dollar," Zadoc objected.

"But that's different," said Mrs. Baxter; "you aren't a regular gardener you know."

"The job ain't different," replied Zadoc; "and ef Andy c'n get a dollar fer it, I'm a-goin' to let him have it." And he shook his long legs down the road.

He loomed up, long and bony, before Mr. Thorndyke just after dinner.

"You've come to cart the ash-heap away, I suppose?" Mr. Thorndyke said.

"That ash-heap moved out of town last evenin'. Ef you've got time, though, I want yer to step around to the back o' the house. Got somethin' to show yer."

The "something" was Mr. Thorndyke's barn. He kept no horse; but the small building that goes with every well-regulated cottage in New Jersey he utilized as a play-room for his children and a gymnasium for himself.

"That there barn," Zadoc told him, "is jest a sight to look at. It stands to the north o' the house, an' takes all the weather there is. The paint's most off it. Look at these here big scales! I took one of those there fer a sample, and here's the color, the way it ought to be, on this here bit o' shingle." Zadoc pulled the sample out of his pocket. "Now you want'er let me *paint* that barn

for yer. I've figgered thet it'll cost yer jest twenty-five dollars. Thet's a savin' for *you*, an' I c'n take my time about it, and put in a week on the job an' do some other work round the town at the same time."

"Have you other engagements?" Mr. Thorndyke asked.

"No," was Zadoc's answer; "but I'm goin' to hev 'em."

"But do you know how to paint?"

"Anythin' the matter with my gardenin'?"

"No."

"All right on ash-heaps, ain't I?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, you jest try me on paint. Same old terms — no satisfaction, no pay. I can't make that there barn look wuss'n it does now; an' I'm goin' ter make it look a heap better."

The next afternoon Zadoc was painting the Thorndyke barn. He worked there only in the afternoons; in the mornings he hunted up odd jobs about the town, and the money he got for these he took to Centre and invested in paint and brushes. As he paid cash, he had to buy in small quantities; but when the barn was painted — and it was painted to Mr. Thorndyke's satisfaction — Zadoc found himself something more like a capitalist than he had ever been in his life.

But there was one unpleasant incident connected with this job. He was sitting one afternoon in the children's swing, which he had borrowed to use in painting those parts of the barn which he could not reach with a ladder:

he tied the ends of the ropes around the cupola, twisted himself up to the ridge-pole, and untwisted himself as he painted downward. He was slathering away on his second coat, whistling cheerily to himself, when a man in overalls and a painty jacket came up and made some remarks about the weather. Zadoc told him that the weather was a good thing to take as it came; and then the man inquired:

"Do you belong to the union?"

"What union?" asked Zadoc; "I ain't no Canuck, ef thet's what yer mean."

"The house-painters' union," said the man.

"Well, no," said Zadoc, still slathering away, with his head on one side. "Guess I'm union enough, all by myself. I'm perfectly united, I am — all harmonious and unanimous an' comfortable."

"What are you a-paintin' for, then?" demanded the stranger.

"Fer money," said Zadoc. "What are you a-foolin' around here for?"

"Have you ever served an apprenticeship to this business?" the man asked.

"Hev you ever served an apprenticeship ter rollin' off a log?" Zadoc asked, by way of answer.

The man muttered something and moved away. Zadoc communed with himself.

"Ap-prenticeship ter sloppin' paint! Well, I be derved! Why, fool-work like thet's born in a man, same's swimmin'."

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As Zadoc became known to the community he found that work came right to his hand. The laboring native of South Ridge was the sort of man who said, when a job was offered to him, "Well, I guess I'll take a day off some time week arter next and 'tend to it." This energetic person from the North Woods, who made engagements and kept them, was a revelation to the householders of the town. He mended fences and roads; he cut grass and sodded lawns; he put in panes of glass and whitewashed kitchens; he soldered leaky refrigerators and clothes-boilers; he made paths and dug beds; he beat carpets and pumped water into garret tanks — in short, he did everything that a man can do with muscle and intelligent application. He was not afraid to do a thing because he had never done it before.

Moreover, he made his services acceptable by doing, as a rule, more than his contract called for. He was not above treating his employers as so many fellow human beings. When the doctor prescribed wild-cherry cordial for Mrs. Thorndyke, Zadoc put in a whole afternoon in scouring the country for wild cherries, and brought back a large basketful. He would take no pay.

"Them's with my compliments," he said. "They growed wild, an' I guess they growed wild a-puppus. Knowed thar was sick folks a-needin' of 'em, mebbe."

But it was not to be all plain sailing for Zadoc. One evening he went home to the widow Dadd's, and found the widow in tears and her daughter flushed and indignant. They told him that a "boycott" had been de-

clared against him for doing union men's work, and against them for harboring him. The butcher of the town, who was also the green-grocer, would sell Mrs. Dadd nothing more until she turned Zadoc out of doors. Centre was the nearest town from which she could get supplies, and Centre was three miles away.

Zadoc walked over to the butcher's shop. The butcher was a German.

"What's this here, Schmitzer?" he demanded. "Ain't my money good enough fer you?"

"I ken't help it, Mr. Pine," said Schmitzer, sullenly. "If I don' boygott you, dem fellis boygott me. I got noddin' against you, Mr. Pine, but I ken't sell you no mead, nor Mrs. Tatt neider."

"Runnin' me out of town, are ye?" Zadoc said. "Well, we run men out whar I come from. But we don't run 'em out unless they've *done* suthin', an' they don't let 'emselves be run out unless they've done suthin'. I ain't done nothin' but what I ought, an' I'm a-goin' ter stay here."

He went back to the widow Dadd's, and told her that he would take charge of the commissariat. That night he got a large packing-case, which Mr. Vredenburg was quite willing to give him, and a barrow-load of saw-dust from the waste-heap at the saw-mill. After an hour's work he had a fairly good ice-box, and by the next night he had that box filled with ice from Centre and with meat and vegetables from New York. Zadoc read the papers; he had seen the market reports, and now he was able to determine, by actual experiment, the difference

between South Ridge prices and New York market prices. He discovered that the difference was very nearly forty per cent. The express company's charge for transportation was forty cents for an ordinary flour-barrel well packed.

Zadoc saw a new vista opening before him. He called on Mr. Thorndyke, and proposed to do that stately person's marketing, and to divide the forty per cent. profit evenly between them. Mr. Thorndyke was at first doubtful and suspicious. He cross-examined Zadoc, and found out what had started the young man on this new line. Then his manners changed. Mr. Thorndyke was not in the habit of carrying himself very graciously toward those whom he considered his social inferiors. But now he grasped Zadoc's hand and shook it heartily.

"I'm glad to know this, Pine," he said. "If you've got the pluck to fight those cowardly brutes and their boycott, I'll stand by you. You may try your hand at the marketing, and if you suit Mrs. Thorndyke, all right. If you don't, we'll find something else for you to do."

Zadoc went in town on the morrow with a list of Mrs. Thorndyke's domestic needs. He had, on his previous visit, sought out the venders who dealt in only one quality of goods, and that the best. To these, in his ignorance of the details of marketing, he thought it best to apply, although their higher prices diminished his profits. In this way he was able to send home a full week's supply of the best meat and vegetables in the market. They proved to be better than Schmitzer's best, and Mr. Thorn-

dyke paid a bill smaller by one-fifth than he had ever received from Schmitzer. Zadoc was only forty-three cents to the good; but he had made his point. Within one month he was buying for ten families, and receiving the blessing of ten weary housewives, who found it easier to sit down of a Friday night, lay out a bill of fare for a week, and hand it to Zadoc Pine with a tranquil dismissal of all further care, than it had been to meet every recurring morning the old, old question, What shall we have for dinner to-day? And Zadoc found his profit therein.

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One warm evening in September, Zadoc Pine sat in the front yard of the widow Dadd's house, whittling a plug for the cider-barrel. He looked up from his whittling and saw a party of a dozen men come up the road and stop at the gate. He arose and went forward to meet them.

"Good-evenin', friends!" he said, driving his jack-knife into the top rail of the fence and leaning over the pickets: "Want to see me, I s'pose? What c'n I do fer ye?"

One man came forward and put himself at the head of the party. Zadoc knew him by sight. It was McCuskey, the "walking-delegate."

"You can get out of this town," said McCuskey, "as fast as you know how to. We'll give you ten hours."

"That's friendly-like," said Zadoc. "I ain't had a present o' ten hours' free time made me since I wuz a boy at school."

"Well," McCuskey broke in, annoyed at some sup-

pressed laughter in his rear, "you can take them ten hours and use them to get out of South Ridge."

"Ken, eh?" said Zadoc. "Well, now, ef I've gotter go, I've gotter go. I ain't got no objection. But I jest wanter know *what* I've gotter go fer. Then maybe I'll see if I'll go or not."

"You have got to go," McCuskey began, "because you have interfered with the inalienable rights of labor; because you have taken the bread out of the mouths of honest toilers —"

"Sho!" Zadoc interrupted him, "don't talk no sech fool-talk ez that! I ain't taken no bread out'er no man's mouth. I ain't got down to that yet. S'pose you tell me in plain English what I've done to be run out'er town fer?"

There was more hushed laughter in the spokesman's rear, and he set his teeth angrily before he opened his lips again.

"You have no trade, and you have taken jobs away from men who have trades. You took away a painter's job when you painted that barn on the hill."

"I didn't take away no painter's job. It wasn't nobody's job — it wasn't no job at all until I made a job of it. Ef the painter wanted it, why didn't he go an' get it?"

"You've took away Andy Conner's gardening-work all around the town."

"That's so!" from Andy Conner, at the back of the crowd.

"Where was Andy Conner when I took his jobs away

from him?" Zadoc asked, and answered himself: "Drunk, in Bryan's back yard. Andy Conner works two days in the week, an' I work six. I ain't got no time to be sortin' out Andy Conner's jobs from mine."

Then there came a husky howl from out the thickest of the crowd.

"Vell, you take away my chob, anyhow! You take my bissness away — you take my boocher bissness."

"Ah!" said Zadoc, "that's you, Schmitzer, is it? Yes, ye're right. I'm takin' yer job away — the best I know how. But I didn't take it away until you took the food out of my mouth — that's what ye did, an' no fancy talk, neither — an' out of the mouths o' two helpless wimmin. An' under them circumstances, every time, I'd take your job away, ef you was the President of the United States."

This was a solemn asseveration for Zadoc. He respected the office of the President of the United States. But it was lost on his hearers. No man in that crowd respected the President of the United States. There came a low, growling murmur from the group:

"Kill him! Hang the scab! Kill him!"

"Kill?"

Zadoc let out a voice that only the Adirondack hills had heard before. Then he checked himself, and talked quietly, yet so that every man on the street heard him.

"I came from the North Woods," he said. "They make *men* whar I came from. I ain't wronged no man in this town. I come here to make my livin', an' here I'll stay. Ef you want to fight, I'll fight yer, one at a

time, or the hull gang! Ye can kill me, but ye've gotter kill me *here*. An' ef it comes ter killin', I c'n hold my end up. I c'n kill a rabbit at forty rod, an' I own my rifle yit. But I know ye won't give me no fair fight; ye want to crawl up behind me. Well, I'm a man from the woods. I c'n hear ye half a mile off, an' I c'n *smell* ye a hundred yards."

He made an end, and stood looking at them. He had picked up his big jack-knife, and was jabbing its blade deep into the top rail of the fence and picking it out again. A silence fell upon the crowd. Zadoc Pine was a large man and a strong man. He had a knife, and in the doorway behind him stood the widow Dadd's daughter with his rifle, held ready for him.

Zadoc broke the silence.

"Boys," he said, "I ain't no hog. I want you to understand thet I'm goin' to earn my own livin' my own way. I take what work I c'n get; an' ef other folks is shif'less enough ter leave their work fer me ter do, that's *their* business. I've took one man's job away from him fer cause. But I ain't got no spite ag'in him. He's on'y a fool-furriner. Thet's you, Schmitzer. An' ter show you that I aint' got no spite agin yer, I'm a-goin' ter make you an offer. I'll take yer inter partnership."

There was a derisory laugh at this from the whole delegation, but Zadoc checked it.

"Schmitzer," he said, "you come inside here and talk it over with me. I ain't goin' to hurt ye, an' yer friends here'll go down street ter Bryan's an' take a drink. They've been a-talkin', an' I guess they're thirsty."

After a moment of irresolute hesitation the delegation moved off. The men were puzzled. The exiling of Zadoc Pine seemed no longer a simple matter, and they felt the need of discussing a new situation. Zadoc and Schmitzer were left together in the little stone house.

"Schmitzer," said Zadoc, "I'm makin' most as much clean profit outter my ten families ez you're makin' out of yer whole business, an' I don't have no rent t' pay. Here's my figgers — look 'em over. Now, Schmitzer, thar's no end of business hereabouts thet you ain't worked up. These farmers all around about are livin' on salt pork, an' eatin' butchers' meat wunst a week. We've gotter get their trade and teach 'em Christian livin'. These here quarrymen ain't eatin' meat like they oughter. S'pose we show 'em what they c'n get for a dollar?"

Schmitzer looked carefully over Zadoc's figures. He knew the risks of carrying perishable stock. He saw that people bought more when the opportunities of the great markets were offered to them. Before he left the house he had agreed to work with Zadoc, and to follow his leader in the new scheme for supplying South Ridge with meat and vegetables.

"An' what'll yer friends down street say?" queried Zadoc.

"I don' care vot dey say," responded Schmitzer; "dose fellus ain't no good. I got better bissness now. If dey don' like it, dey go down to Cendre un' bring deir meat home demselfs."

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Zadoc retains his share in the Pine & Schmitzer Supply

Company; but after he had drummed up the local trade on the new basis, and broken Schmitzer into the routine work, he branched off for himself in a new line.

He had found an amateur electrician among his customers, and with this gentleman's aid he organized the South Ridge Fire Department and Protective Association. Thirty-six householders paid him ten dollars for the plant and ten dollars for yearly service; and he connected their houses in an electric circuit, of which his own bedroom was the central station. In each house was a combined bell and alarm; and if a citizen awoke at night to find his chimney on fire or to hear a stranger within his chickenhouse, he rang a wild tocsin in thirty-five other houses, and then sounded a signal-letter by dot and dash to proclaim his identity. Then the whole town turned out, and Zadoc drove a small chemical engine behind Schmitzer's horse. If the cause of the disturbance was a chicken-thief, and the cause was caught, Zadoc played upon him.

"Can't bring out that engyne fer nothin'," he said; "she's gotter serve a moral purpose somehow."

Two years and a half have passed since Zadoc left the North Woods. He is an employer now, and an owner of real-estate, in a small way, and he still has South Ridge under his protecting wing, and keeps her yards clean and her lawns trim—or his men do. Moreover, he is the husband of the girl whose smile first welcomed him to the Ridge.

"Man must earn his bread in the sweat of his brow," he has said; "but some men sweat inside o' their heads

an' some outside. I'm workin' my brain. I could 'a' done more with it ef I'd 'a' had edication. When that there boy o' mine gets a few years on top o' the six weeks he's got now, I'll give him all he wants, an' he c'n do the swaller-tail business ef he wants to. That goes with edication."

"You have done much for the town Mr. Pine," the Dominie once said to him, "and I am glad to say that your success has been due to the application of sound principles — those principles on which true success has ever been founded."

"Yaas," said Zadoc, meditatively, "an' then — I'm an Amerikan, an' I guess thet goes fer suthin'."

— H. C. BUNNER

V

THE THOUGHT AND THE STONE

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At a quarter past seven Father Honoré made his appearance on the platform. The men settled at once into silence, and the priest began without preface:

"My friends, we will take up to-night what we may call the Brotherhood of Stone."

The men looked at one another and smiled. Here was something new.

"That is the right thought for all of you to take with you into the quarries and the sheds. Don't forget it!"

He made certain distinct pauses after a few sentences. This was done with intention; for the men before him were of various nationalities, although he called this his "English night." But many were learning and understood imperfectly; it was for them he paused frequently. He wanted to give them time to take in what he was saying. Sometimes he repeated his words in Italian, in French, that the foreigners might better comprehend his meaning.

"Perhaps some of you have worked in the limestone quarries on the Bay? All who have hold up hands."

A hundred hands, perhaps more, were raised.

"Any worked in the marble quarries of Vermont?"

A dozen or more Canucks waved their hands vigorously.

"Here are three pieces — limestone, marble, and granite." He held up specimens of the three. "All of them are well known to most of you. Now mark what I say of these three: — first, the limestone gets burned principally; second, the marble gets sculptured principally; third, the granite gets hammered and chiselled principally. Fire, chisel, and hammer at work on these three rocks; but, they are all *quarried* first. This fact of their being quarried puts them in the Brotherhood — of Labor."

The men nudged one another, and nodded emphatically.

"They are all three taken from the crust of the earth; this Earth is to them the earth-mother. Now mark again what I say: — this fact of their common earth-mother puts them in the Brotherhood — of Kin."

He took up three specimens of quartz crystals.

"This quartz crystal" — he turned it in the light, and the hexagonal prisms caught and reflected dazzling rays — "I found in the limestone quarry on the Bay. This," he took up another smaller one, "I found after a long search in the marble quarries of Vermont. This here," he held up a third, a smaller, less brilliant, less perfect one — "I took out of our upper quarry after a three weeks' search for it.

"This fact, that these rocks, although of different market value and put to different uses, may yield the

same perfect crystal, puts the limestone, the marble, the granite in the Brotherhood — of Equality.

"In our other talks, we have named the elements of each rock, and given some study to each. We have found that some of their elements are the basic elements of our own mortal frames — our bodies have a common earth-mother with these stones.

"This last fact puts them in the Brotherhood — of Man."

The seven hundred men showed their appreciation of the point made by prolonged applause.

"Now I want to make clear to you that, although these rocks have different market values, are put to different uses, the real value for us this evening consists in the fact that each, in its own place, can yield a crystal equal in purity to the others.— Remember this the next time you go to work in the quarries and the sheds."

He laid aside the specimens.

"We had a talk last month about the guilds of four hundred years ago. I asked you then to look upon yourselves as members of a great twentieth century working guild. Have you done it? Has every man, who was present then, said since, when hewing a foundation stone, a block for a bridge abutment, a cornerstone for a cathedral or a railroad station, a cap-stone for a monument, a milestone, a lintel for a door, a hearthstone or a step for an altar, 'I belong to the great guild of the makers of this country; I quarry and hew the rock that lays the enduring bed for the iron or electric horses which rush from sea to

sea and carry the burden of humanity'? — Think of it, men! Yours are the hands that make this great track of commerce possible. Yours are the hands that curve the stones, afterwards reared into noble arches beneath which the people assemble to do God reverence. Yours are the hands that square the deep foundations of the great bridges which, like the Brooklyn, cross high in mid-air from shore to shore! Have you said this? Have you done it?"

"Aye, aye.—Sure.—We done it." The murmuring assent was polyglot.

"Very well — see that you keep on doing it, and show that you do it by the good work you furnish."

He motioned to the manipulators in the gallery to make ready for the stereopticon views. The blank blinding round played erratically on the curtain. The entire audience sat expectant.

There was flashed upon the screen the interior of a Canadian "cabin." The family were at supper; the whole interior, simple and homely, was indicative of warmth and cheerful family life.

The Canucks in the audience lost their heads. The clapping was frantic. Father Honoré smiled. He tapped the portrayed wall with the end of his pointer.

"This is comfort — no cold can penetrate these walls; they are double plastered. Credit limestone with that!"

The audience showed its appreciation in no uncertain way.

"The crystal — can any one see that — find that in this interior?"

The men were silent. Father Honoré was pointing to the mother and her child; the father was holding out his arms to the little one who, with loving impatience, was reaching away from his mother over the table to his father. They comprehended the priest's thought in the lesson of the limestone:—the love and trust of the human. No words were needed. An emotional silence made itself felt.

The picture shifted. There was thrown upon the screen the marble Cathedral of Milan. A murmur of delight ran through the house.

"Here we have the limestone in the form of marble. Its beauty is the price of unremitting toil. This, too, belongs in the brotherhoods of labor, kin, and equality. — Do you find the crystal?"

His pointer swept the hierarchy of statues on the roof, upwards to the cross on the pinnacle, where it rested.

"This crystal is the symbol of what inspires and glorifies humanity. The crystal is yours, men, if with believing hearts you are willing to say 'Our Father' in the face of His works."

He paused a moment. It was an understood thing in the semi-monthly talks, that the men were free to ask questions and to express an opinion, even, at times, to argue a point. The men's eyes were fixed with keen appreciation on the marble beauty before them, when a voice broke the silence.

"That sounds all right enough, your Reverence, what you've said about 'Our Father' and the brotherhoods,

but there's many a man says it that won't own me for a brother. There's a weak joint somewhere — and no offense meant."

Some of the men applauded.

Father Honoré turned from the screen and faced the men; his eyes flashed. The audience loved to see him in this mood, for they knew by experience that he was generally able to meet his adversary, and no odds given or taken.

"That's you, is it, Szchenetzy?"

"Yes, it's me."

"Do you remember in last month's talk that I showed you the Dolomites — the curious mountains of the Tyrol? — and in connection with those the Brenner Pass?"

"Yes."

"Well, something like seven hundred years ago a poor man, a poet and travelling musician, was riding over that pass and down into that very region of the Dolomites. He made his living by stopping at the stronghold-castles of those times and entertaining the powerful of the earth by singing his poems set to music of his own making. Sometimes he got a suit of cast-off clothes in payment; sometimes only bed and board for a time. But he kept on singing his little poems and making more of them as he grew rich in experience of men and things; for he never grew rich in gold — money was the last thing they ever gave him. So he continued long his wandering life, singing his songs in courtyard and castle hall until they sang their way into the hearts of the men of his generation. And while he wandered, he gained a wonderful knowledge

of life and its ways among rich and poor, high and low; and, pondering the things he had seen and the many ways of this world, he said to himself, that day when he was riding over the Brenner Pass, the same thing that you have just said—in almost the same words:—‘Many a man calls God “Father” who won’t acknowledge me for a brother.’

“I don’t know how he reconciled facts—for your fact seems plain enough—nor do I know how you can reconcile them; but what I do know is this:—that man, poor in this world’s goods, but rich in experience and in a natural endowment of poetic thought and musical ability, *kept on making poems, kept on singing them*, despite that fact to which he had given expression as he fared over the Brenner; despite the fact that a suit of cast-off clothes was all he got for his entertainment of those who would not call him ‘brother.’ Discouraged at times—for he was very human—he kept on giving the best that was in him, doing the work appointed for him in this world—and doing it with a whole heart Godwards and Christwards, despite his poverty, despite the broken promises of the great to reward him pecuniarily, despite the world, despite *facts*, Szchenetzy! He sang when he was young of earthly love and in middle age of heavenly love, and his songs are cherished, for their beauty of wisdom and love, in the hearts of men to this day.”

He smiled genially across the sea of faces to Szchenetzy. He turned again to the screen.

“What is to be thrown on the screen now—in rapid

succession for our hour is brief—I call our Marble Quarry. Just think of it! quarried by the same hard work which you all know, by which you earn your daily bread; sculptured into forms of exceeding beauty by the same hard toil of other hands. And behind all the toil there is the *soul of art*, ever seeking expression through the human instrument of the practised hand that quarries, then sculptures, then places, and builds! I shall give a word or two of explanation in regard to time and locality; next month we will take the subjects one by one.”

There flashed upon the screen and in quick succession, although the men protested and begged for an extension of exposures, the noble Pisan group and Niccola Pisano’s pulpit in the baptistery—the horses from the Parthenon frieze—the Zeus group from the great altar at Pergamos—Theseus and the Centaur—the Wrestlers—the Discus Thrower and, last, the exquisite little church of Saint Mary of the Thorn,—the Arno’s jewel, the seafarers’ own,—that looks out over the Pisan waters to the Mediterranean.

It was a magnificent showing. No words from Father Honoré were needed to bring home to his audience the lesson of the Marble Quarry.

“I call the next series, which will be shown without explanation and merely named, other members of the Brotherhood of Stone. We study them separately later on in the summer.”

The cathedrals of York, Amiens, Westminster, Cologne, Mayence, St. Mark’s—a noble array of man’s handiwork, were thrown upon the screen. The men

showed their appreciation by thunderous applause.

The screen was again a blank; then it filled suddenly with the great Upper Quarry in The Gore. The granite ledges sloped upward to meet the blue of the sky. The great steel derricks and their crisscrossing cables cast curiously foreshortened shadows on the gleaming white expanse. Here and there a group of men showed dark against a ledge. In the center, one of the monster derricks held suspended in its chains a forty-ton block of granite just lifted from its eternal bed. Beside it a workman showed like a pigmy.

Some one proposed a three times three for the home quarries. The men rose to their feet and the cheers were given with a will. The ringing echo of the last had not died away when the quarry vanished, and in its place stood the finished cathedral of A.—the work which the hands of those present were to create. It was a reproduction of the architect's water-color sketch.

The men still remained standing; they gave no outward expression to their admiration; that, indeed, although evident in their faces, was overshadowed by something like awe. *Their* hands were to be the instruments by which this great creation of the mind of man should become a fact. Without those hands the architect's idea could not be materialized; without the "idea" their daily work would fail.

The truth went home to each man present—even to that unknown one beneath the gallery who, when the men had risen to cheer, shrank farther into his dark corner and drew short sharp breaths. The Past would

not down at his bidding; he was beginning to feel his weakness when he had most need of strength.

He did not hear Father Honoré's parting words: —

"Here you find the third crystal — strength, solidity, the bedrock of endeavor. Take these three home with you: — the pure crystal of human love and trust, the heart believing in its Maker, the strength of good character. There you have the three that make for equality in this world — and nothing else does. Good night, my friends."

— MARY E. WALLER.

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VI

THE RULES OF THE GAME

For a year Bob worked hard at all sorts of jobs. He saw the woods work, the river work, the mill work. From the stump to the barges he followed the timbers. Being naturally of a good intelligence, he learned very fast how things were done, so that at the end of the time mentioned he had acquired a fair working knowledge of how affairs were accomplished in this business he had adopted. That does not mean he had become a capable lumberman. One of the strangest fallacies long prevalent in the public mind is that lumbering is always a sure road to wealth. The margin of profit seems very large. As a matter of fact, the industry is so swiftly conducted, on so large a scale, along such varied lines; the expenditures must be made so lavishly, and yet carefully; the consequences of a niggardly policy are so quickly apparent in decreased efficiency, and yet the possible leaks are so many, quickly draining the most abundant resources, that few not brought up through a long apprenticeship avoid a loss. A great deal of money has been and is made in timber. A great deal has been lost, simply because, while the possibilities are alluring, the complexity of the numerous problems is unseen.

At first Bob saw only the results. You went into the

woods with a crew of men, felled trees, cut them into lengths, dragged them to the roads already prepared, piled them on sleighs, hauled them to the river, and stacked them there. In the spring you floated the logs to the mill where they were sawed into boards, laden into sailing vessels or steam barges, and taken to market. There was the whole process in a nutshell. Of course, there would be details and obstructions to cope with. But between the eighty thousand dollars or so worth of trees standing in the forest and the quarter-million dollars or so they represented at the market seemed space enough to allow for many reverses.

As time went on, however, the young man came more justly to realize the minuteness of the bits comprising this complicated mosaic. From keeping men to the point of returning, in work, the worth of their wages; from so correlating and arranging that work that all might be busy and not some waiting for others; up through the anxieties of weather and the sullen or active opposition of natural forces, to the higher levels of competition and contracts, his awakened attention taught him that legitimate profits could attend only on vigilant and minute attention, on comprehensive knowledge of detail, on experience, and on natural gift. The feeding of men abundantly at a small price involved questions of buying, transportation and forethought, not to speak of concrete knowledge of how much such things should ideally be worth. Tools by the thousand were needed at certain places and at certain times. They must be cared for and accounted for. Horses, and their feed, equipment and

care, made another not inconsiderable item both of expense and attention. And so with a thousand and one details which it would be superfluous to enumerate here. Each cost money, and some one's time. Relaxed attention might make each cost a few pennies more. What do a few pennies amount to? Two things: a lowering of the standard of efficiency, and, in the long run, many dollars. If incompetence, or inexperience should be added to relaxed attention, so that the various activities do not mortise exactly one with another, and the legitimate results to be expected from the pennies do not arrive, then the sum total is very apt to be failure. Where organized and settled industries, however complicated in detail, are in a manner played by score, these frontier activities are vast improvisations following only the general unchangeable laws of commerce. ✓

Therefore, Bob was very much surprised and not a little dismayed at what Mr. Welton had to say to him one evening early in the spring.

It was in the "van" of Camp Thirty-nine. Over in the corner under the lamp the scaler and bookkeeper was epitomizing the results of his day. Welton and Bob sat close to the round stove in the middle, smoking their pipes. The three or four bunks belonging to Bob, the scaler, and the camp boss were dim in another corner; the shelves of goods for trade with the men occupied a third. A rude door and a pair of tiny windows communicated with the world outside. Flickers of light from the cracks in the stove played over the massive logs of the little building, over the rough floor and the weapons and

snowshoes on the wall. Both Bob and Welton were dressed in flannel and kersey, with the heavy German socks and lumberman's rubbers on their feet. Their bright-checked Mackinaw jackets lay where they had been flung on the beds. Costume and surroundings both were a thousand miles from civilization; yet civilization was knocking at the door. Welton gave expression to this thought.

"Two seasons more'll finish us, Bob," said he. "I've logged the Michigan woods for thirty-five years, but now I'm about done here."

"Yes, I guess they're all about done," agreed Bob.

"The big men have gone West; lots of the old lumber jacks are out there now. It's our turn. I suppose you know we've got timber in California?"

"Yes," said Bob, with a wry grin, as he thought of the columns of "descriptions" he had copied; "I know that."

"There's about half a billion feet of it. We'll begin to manufacture when we get through here. I'm going out next month, as soon as the snow is out of the mountains, to see about the plant and the general lay-out. I'm going to leave you in charge here."

Bob almost dropped his pipe as his jaws fell apart.

"Me!" he cried.

"Yes, you."

"But I can't; I don't know enough! I'd make a mess of the whole business," Bob expostulated.

"You've been around here for a year," said Welton, "and things are running all right. I want somebody to

see that things move along, and you're the one. Are you going to refuse?"

"No; I suppose I can't refuse," said Bob miserably, and fell silent.

To Bob's father Welton expressed himself in somewhat different terms. The two men met at the Auditorium Annex, where they promptly adjourned to the Palm Room and a little table.

"Now, Jack," the lumberman replied to his friend's expostulation, "I know just as well as you do that the kid isn't capable yet of handling a proposition on his own hook. It's just for that reason that I put him in charge."

"And Welton isn't an Irish name, either," murmured Jack Orde.

"What? Oh, I see. No; and that isn't an Irish bull, either. I put him in charge so he'd have to learn something. He's a good kid, and he'll take himself dead serious. He'll be deciding everything that comes up all for himself, and he'll lie awake nights doing it. And all the time things will be going on almost like he wasn't there!"

Welton paused to chuckle in his hearty manner.

"You see, I've brought that crew up in the business. Mason is as good a mill man as they make; and Tally's all right in the woods and on the river; and I reckon it would be difficult to take a nick out of Collins in office work."

"In other words, Bob is to hold the ends of the reins while these other men drive," said his father, vastly

amused. "That's more like it. I'd hate to bury a green man under too much responsibility."

✓ "No," denied Welton, "it isn't that exactly. Somebody's got to boss the rest of 'em. And Bob certainly is a wonder at getting the men to like him and to work for him. That's his strong point. He gets on with them, and he isn't afraid to tell 'em when he thinks they're 'sojering' on him. That makes me think: I wonder what kind of ornaments these waiters are supposed to be." He rapped sharply on the little table with his pocket-knife.

"It's up to him," he went on, after the waiter had departed. "If he's too touchy to acknowledge his ignorance on different points that come up, and if he's too proud to ask questions when he's stumped, why, he's going to get in a lot of trouble. If he's willing to rely on his men for knowledge, and will just see that everybody keeps busy and sees that they bunch their hits, why, he'll get on well enough."

"It takes a pretty wise head to make them bunch their hits," Orde pointed out, "and a heap of figuring."

"It'll keep him mighty busy, even at best," acknowledged Welton, "and he's going to make some bad breaks. I know that."

"Bad breaks cost money," Orde reminded him.

"So does any education. Even at its worst this can't cost much money. He can't wreck things — the organization is too good — he'll just make 'em wobble a little. And this is a mighty small and incidental proposition, while this California lay-out is a big project. No, by my

figuring Bob won't actually *do* much, but he'll lie awake nights to do a lot of deciding, and —"

"Oh, I know," broke in Orde with a laugh; "you haven't changed an inch in twenty years — and 'it's not doing but deciding that makes a man,'" he quoted. ✓

"Well, isn't it?" demanded Welton insistently.

"Of course," agreed Orde with another laugh. "I was just tickled to see you hadn't changed a hair. Now if you'd only moralize on square pegs in round holes, I'd hear again the birds singing in the elms by the dear old churchyard."

Welton grinned, a trifle shamefacedly. Nevertheless he went on with the development of his philosophy.

"Well," he asserted stoutly, "that's just what Bob was when I got there. He can't handle figures any better than I can, and Collins had been putting him through a course of sprouts." He paused and sipped at his glass. "Of course, if I wasn't absolutely certain of the men under him, it would be a fool proposition. Bob isn't the kind to get onto treachery or double-dealing very quick. He likes people too well. But as it is, he'll get a lot of training cheap."

Orde ruminated over this for some time, sipping slowly between puffs at his cigar.

"Why wouldn't it be better to take him out to California now?" he asked at length. "You'll be building your roads and flumes and railroad, getting your mill up, buying your machinery and all the rest of it. That ought to be good experience for him — to see the thing right from the beginning."

"Bob is going to be a lumberman, and that isn't lumbering; it's construction. Once it's up, it will never have to be done again. The California timber will last out Bob's lifetime, and you know it. He'd better learn lumbering, which he'll do for the next fifty years, than to build a mill, which he'll never have to do again — unless it burns up," he added as a half-humorous afterthought.

"Correct," Orde agreed promptly to this. "You're a wonder. When I found a university with my ill-gotten gains, I'll give you a job as professor of — well, of Common Sense, by jimminy!"

Bob managed to lose some money in his two years of apprenticeship. That is to say, the net income from the small operations under his charge was somewhat less than it would have been under Welton's supervision. Even at that, the balance sheet showed a profit. This was probably due more to the perfection of the organization than to any great ability on Bob's part. Nevertheless, he exercised a real control over the firm's destinies, and in one or two instances of sudden crisis threw its energies definitely into channels of his own choosing. Especially was this true in dealing with the riverman's arch-enemy, the mossback.

The mossback follows the ax. When the timber is cut, naturally the land remains. Either the company must pay taxes on it, sell it, or allow it to revert to the state. It may be very good land, but it is encumbered with old slashing, probably much of it needs drainage, a stubborn second-growth of scrub oak or red willows has already

usurped the soil, and above all it is isolated. Far from the cities, far from the railroad, far even from the cross-road's general store, it is further cut off by the necessity of traversing atrocious and — in the wet season — bottomless roads to even the nearest neighbor. Naturally, then, in seeking purchasers for this cut-over land, the Company must address itself to a certain limited class. For, if a man has money, he will buy him a cleared farm in a settled country. The mossback pays in pennies and gives a mortgage. Then he addresses himself to clearing the land. It follows that he is poverty-stricken, lives frugally and is very tenacious of what property rights he may be able to coax or wring from a hard wilderness. He dwells in a shack, works in a swamp, and sees no farther than the rail fence he has split out to surround his farm.

Thus, while he possesses many of the sturdy pioneer virtues, he becomes by necessity the direct antithesis to the riverman. The purchase of a bit of harness, a vehicle, a necessary tool or implement is a matter of close economy, long figuring, and much work. Interest on the mortgage must be paid. And what can a backwoods farm produce worth money? And where can it find a market? Very little; and very far. A man must "play close to his chest" in order to accomplish that plain, primary, simple duty of making both ends meet. The extreme of this virtue means a defect, of course; it means narrowness of vision, conservatism that comes close to suspicion, illiberality. When these qualities meet the sometimes foolishly generous and lavish ideas of men trained in the reckless

life of the river, almost inevitably are aroused suspicion on one side, contempt on the other and antagonism on both.

This is true even in casual and chance intercourse. But when, as often happens, the mossback's farm extends to the very river bank itself; when the legal rights of property clash with the vaguer but no less certain rights of custom, then there is room for endless bickering. When the river boss steps between his men and the backwoods farmer, he must, on the merits of the case and with due regard to the sort of man he has to deal with, decide at once whether he will persuade, argue, coerce, or fight. It may come to be a definite choice between present delay or a future lawsuit.

This kind of decision Bob was most frequently called upon to make. He knew little about law, but he had a very good feeling for the human side. Whatever mistakes he made, the series of squabbles nourished his sense of loyalty to the Company. His woods training was gradually bringing him to the lumberman's point of view; and the lumberman's point of view means, primarily, timber and loyalty.

"By Jove, what a fine bunch of timber!" was his first thought on entering a particularly imposing grove.

Where another man would catch merely a general effect, his more practised eye would estimate heights, diameters, the growth of the limbs, the probable straightness of the grain. His eye almost unconsciously sought the possibilities of location — whether a road could be brought in easily, whether the grades could run right. A

fine tree gave him the complicated pleasure that comes to any expert on analytical contemplation of any object. It meant timber, good or bad, as well as beauty.

Just so opposition meant antagonism. Bob was naturally of a partisan temperament. He played the game fairly, but he played it hard. Games imply rules, and any infraction of the rules is unfair and to be punished. Bob could not be expected to reflect that while rules are generally imposed by a third party on both contestants alike, in this game the rules with which he was acquainted had been made by his side; that perhaps the other fellow might have another set of rules. All he saw was that the antagonists were perpetrating a series of contemptible, petty, mean tricks or a succession of dastardly outrages. His loyalty and anger were both thoroughly aroused, and he plunged into his little fights with entire whole-heartedness. As his side of the question meant getting out the logs, the combination went far toward efficiency. When the drive was down in the spring, Bob looked back on his mossback campaign with a little grieved surprise that men could think it worth their self-respect to try to take such contemptible advantage of quibbles for the purpose of defeating what was certainly customary and fair, even if it might not be technically legal. What the mossbacks thought about it we can safely leave to the crossroad stores.

In other respects Bob had the good sense to depend absolutely on his subordinates.

"How long do you think it ought to take to cut the rest of Eight?" he would ask Tally.

"About two weeks."

Bob said nothing more, but next day he ruminated long in the snow-still forest at Eight, trying to apportion in his own mind the twelve days' work. If it did not go at a two weeks' gait, he speedily wanted to know why.

When the sleighs failed to return up the ice road with expected regularity, Bob tramped down to the "banks" to see what the trouble was. When he returned, he remarked casually to Jim Tally:

"I fired Powell off the job as foreman, and put in Downy."

"Why?" asked Tally. "I put Powell in there because I thought he was an almighty good worker."

"He is," said Bob; "too good. I found them a little short-handed down there, and getting discouraged. The sleighs were coming in on them faster than they could unload. The men couldn't see how they were going to catch up, so they'd slacked down a little, which made it worse. Powell had his jacket off and was working like the devil with a canthook. He does about the quickest and hardest yank with a canthook I ever saw," mused Bob.

"Well?" demanded Tally.

"Oh," said Bob, "I told him if that was the kind of a job he wanted, he could have it. And I told Downy to take charge. I don't pay a foreman's wages for canthook work; I hire him to keep the men busy, and he sure can't do it if he occupies his time and attention rolling logs."

"He was doing his best to straighten things out," said Tally.

"Well, I'm not paying him for his best," replied Bob, philosophically.

But if it had been a question of how most quickly to skid the logs brought in by the sleighs, Bob would never have dreamed of questioning Powell's opinion, although he might later have demanded expert corroboration from Tally.

The outdoor life, too, interested him and kept him in training, both physically and spiritually. He realized his mistakes, but they were now mistakes of judgment rather than of mechanical accuracy, and he did not worry over them once they were behind him.

When Welton returned from California toward the close of the season, he found the young man buoyant and happy, deeply absorbed, well liked, and in a fair way to learn something about the business.

Almost immediately after his return, the mill was closed down. The remaining lumber in the yards was shipped out as rapidly as possible. By the end of September the work was over.

Bob perforce accepted a vacation of some months while affairs were in preparation for the westward exodus.

Then he answered a summons to meet Mr. Welton at the Chicago offices.

He entered the little outer office he had left so downheartedly three years before. Harvey and his two assistants sat on the high stools in front of the shelf-like desk. The same pictures of record loads, large trees, mill

crews and logging camps hung on the walls. The same atmosphere of peace and immemorial quiet brooded over the place. Through the half-open door Bob could see Mr. Fox, his leg swung over the arm of his revolving chair, chatting in a leisurely fashion with some visitor.

No one had heard him enter. He stood for a moment staring at the three bent backs before him. He remembered the infinite details of the work he had left, the purchasings of innumerable little things, the regulation of outlays, the balancings of expenditures, the constantly shifting property values, the cost of tools, food, implements, wages, machinery, transportation, operation. And in addition he brought to mind the minute and vexatious mortgage and sale and rental business having to do with the old cut-over lands; the legal complications; the questions of arbitration and privilege. And beyond that his mind glimpsed dimly the extent of other interests, concerning which he knew little — investment interests, and silent interests in various manufacturing enterprises where the Company had occasionally invested a surplus by way of a flyer. In this quiet place all these things were correlated, compared, docketed, and filed away. In the brains of the four men before him all these infinite details were laid out in order. He knew that Harvey could answer specific questions as to any feature of any one of these activities. All the turmoil, the rush and roar of the river, the mills, the open lakes, the great wildernesses passed through this silent, dusty room. The problems that kept a dozen men busy in the solving came here also, together with a hundred others. Bob recalled his sight

of the hurried, wholesale shipping clerk he had admired when, discouraged and discredited, he had left the office three years before. He had thought that individual busy, and had contrasted his activity with the somnolence of this office. Busy! Why, he, Bob, had over and over again been ten times as busy. At the thought he chuckled aloud. Harvey and his assistants turned to the sound.

"Hullo, Harvey; hullo Archie!" cried the young man. "I'm certainly glad to see you. You're the only men I ever saw who could be really bang-up rushed and never show it."

— STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

VII

THE LAST THRESHING IN THE COULEE

Extract from *A Son of the Middle Border* by Hamlin Garland,
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Life on a Wisconsin farm, even for the women, had its compensations. There were times when the daily routine of lonely and monotonous housework gave place to an agreeable bustle, and human intercourse lightened the toil. In the midst of the slow progress of the fall's plowing, the gathering of the threshing crew was a most dramatic event to my mother, as to us, for it not only brought unwonted clamor, it fetched ~~her~~ brothers William and David and Frank, who owned and ran a threshing machine, and their coming gave the house an air of festivity which offset the burden of extra work which fell upon us all.

In those days the grain, after being brought in and stacked around the barn, was allowed to remain until October or November when all the other work was finished.

Of course some men got the machine earlier, for all could not thresh at the same time, and a good part of every man's fall activities consisted in "changing works" with his neighbors, thus laying up a stock of unpaid labor against the home job. Day after day, therefore, father or the hired man shouldered a fork and went to

help thresh, and all through the autumn months, the ceaseless ringing hum and the *bow-ouw, ouw-woo, boo-oo-oom* of the great balance wheels on the separator and the deep bass purr of its cylinder could be heard in every valley like the droning song of some sullen and gigantic autumnal insect.

I recall with especial clearness the events of that last threshing in the coulee.—I was eight, my brother was six. For days we had looked forward to the coming of “the threshers,” listening with the greatest eagerness to father’s report of the crew. At last he said, “Well, Belle, get ready. The machine will be here to-morrow.”

All day we hung on the gate, gazing down the road, watching, waiting for the crew, and even after supper, we stood at the windows still hoping to hear the rattle of the ponderous separator.

Father explained that the men usually worked all day at one farm and moved after dark, and we were just starting to “climb the wooden hill” when we heard a far-off faint halloo.

“There they are,” shouted father, catching up his old square tin lantern and hurriedly lighting the candle within it. “That’s Frank’s voice.”

The night air was sharp, and as we had taken off our boots we could only stand at the window and watch father as he piloted the teamsters through the gate. The light threw fantastic shadows here and there, now lighting up a face, now bringing out the separator which seemed a weary and sullen monster awaiting its den. The men’s voices sounded loud in the still night, caus-

ing the roused turkeys in the oaks to peer about on their perches, uneasy silhouettes against the sky.

We would gladly have stayed awake to greet our beloved uncles, but mother said, "You must go to sleep in order to be up early in the morning," and reluctantly we turned away.

Lying thus in our cot under the sloping raftered roof we could hear the squawk of the hens as father wrung their innocent necks, and the crash of the "sweeps" being unloaded sounded loud and clear and strange. We longed to be out there, but at last the dance of lights and shadows on the plastered wall died away, and we fell into childish dreamless sleep.

We were awakened at dawn by the ringing beat of the iron mauls as Frank and David drove the stakes to hold the "power" to the ground. The rattle of trace chains, the clash of iron rods, the clang of steel bars, intermixed with the laughter of the men, came sharply through the frosty air, and the smell of sizzling sausage from the kitchen warned us that our busy mother was hurrying the breakfast forward. Knowing that it was time to get up, although it was not yet light, I had a sense of being awakened into a romantic new world, a world of heroic action.

As we stumbled down the stairs, we found the lamp-lit kitchen empty of the men. They had finished their coffee and were out in the stack-yard oiling the machine and hitching the horses to the power. Shivering yet entranced by the beauty of the frosty dawn we crept out to stand and watch the play. The frost lay white on

every surface, the frozen ground rang like iron under the steel-shod feet of the horses, and the breath of the men rose up in little white puffs of steam.

Uncle David on the feeder's stand was impatiently awaiting the coming of the fifth team. The pitchers were climbing the stacks like blackbirds, and the straw-stackers were scuffling about the stable door. Finally, just as the east began to bloom, and long streamers of red began to unroll along the vast gray dome of sky Uncle Frank, the drier, lifted his voice in a "Chippewa war-whoop."

On a still morning like this his signal could be heard for miles. Long drawn and musical, it sped away over the fields, announcing to all the world that the McClin-tocks were ready for the day's race. Answers came back faintly from the frosty fields where dim figures of lag-gard hands could be seen hurrying over the plowed ground, the last team came clattering in and was hooked into its place, David called "All right!" and the cylinder began to hum.

In those days the machine was either a "J. I. Case" or a "Buffalo Pitts," and was moved by five pairs of horses attached to a "power" staked to the ground, round which they traveled pulling at the ends of long levers or sweeps, and to me the force seemed tremendous. "Tumbling rods" with "knuckle joints" carried the motion to the cylinder, and the driver who stood upon a square platfrom above the huge, greasy cog-wheels (round which the horses moved) was a grand figure in my eyes.

Driving, to us, looked like a pleasant job, but Uncle Frank thought it very tiresome, and I can now see that it was. To stand on that small platform all through the long hours of a cold November day, when the cutting wind roared down the valley sweeping the dust and leaves along the road, was work. Even I perceived that it was far pleasanter to sit on the south side of the stack and watch the horses go round.

It was necessary that the "driver" should be a man of judgment, for the horses had to be kept at just the right speed, and to do this he must gage the motion of the cylinder by the pitch of its deep bass song.

The three men in command of the machine, were set apart as "the threshers."—William and David alternately "fed" or "tended," that is, one of them "fed" the grain into the howling cylinder while the other, oil-can in hand, watched the sieves, felt of the pinions and so kept the machine in good order. The feeder's position was the high place to which all boys aspired, and on this day I stood in silent admiration of Uncle David's easy powerful attitudes as he caught each bundle in the crook of his arm and spread it out into a broad, smooth band of yellow straw on which the whirling teeth caught and tore with monstrous fury. He was the ideal man in my eyes, grander in some ways than my father, and to be able to stand where he stood was the highest honor in the world.

It was all poetry for us and we wished every day were threshing day. The wind blew cold, the clouds went flying across the bright blue sky, and the straw glistened

in the sun. With jarring snarl the circling zone of cogs dipped into the sturdy greasy wheels, and the single-trees and pulley-chains chirped clear and sweet as crickets. The dust flew, the whip cracked, and the men working swiftly to get the sheaves to the feeder or to take the straw away from the tail-end of the machine, were like warriors, urged to desperate action by battle cries. The stackers wallowing to their waists in the fluffy straw-pile seemed gnomes acting for our amusement.

The straw-pile! What delight we had in that! What joy it was to go up to the top where the men were stationed, one behind the other, and to have them toss huge forkfuls of the light fragrant stalks upon us, laughing to see us emerge from our golden cover. We were especially impressed by the bravery of Ed Green who stood in the midst of the thick dust and flying chaff close to the tail of the stacker. His teeth shone like a negro's out of his dust-blackened face and his shirt was wet with sweat, but he motioned for "more straw" and David, accepting the challenge, signaled for more speed. Frank swung his lash and yelled at the straining horses, the sleepy growl of the cylinder rose to a howl and the wheat came pulsing out at the spout in such a stream that the carriers were forced to trot on their path to and from the granary in order to keep the grain from piling up around the measurer.-- There was a kind of splendid rivalry in this backbreaking toil -- for each sack weighed ninety pounds.

We got tired of wallowing in the straw at last, and

went down to help Rover catch the rats which were being uncovered by the pitchers as they reached the stack bottom.—The horses, with their straining, outstretched necks, the loud and cheery shouts, the whistling of the driver, the roar and hum of the great wheel, the flourishing of the forks, the supple movement of brawny arms, the shouts of the men, all blended with the wild sound of the wind in the creaking branches of the oaks, forming a glorious poem in our unforgetting minds.

At last the call for dinner sounded. The driver began to call, "Whoa there, boys! Steady, Tom," and to hold his long whip before the eyes of the more spirited of the teams in order to convince them that he really meant "stop." The pitchers stuck their forks upright in the stack and leaped to the ground. Randal, the band-cutter, drew from his wrist the looped string of his big knife, the stackers slid down from the straw-pile, and a race began among the teamsters to see whose span would be first unhitched and at the watering trough. What joyous rivalry it seemed to us! —

Mother and Mrs. Randal, wife of our neighbor, who was "changing works," stood ready to serve the food as soon as the men were seated.—The table had been lengthened to its utmost and pieced out with boards, and planks had been laid on stout wooden chairs at either side.

The men came in with a rush, and took seats wherever they could find them, and their attack on the boiled potatoes and chicken should have been appalling to the

women, but it was not. They enjoyed seeing them eat. Ed Green was prodigious. One cut at a big potato, followed by two stabbing motions, and it was gone.—Two bites laid a leg of chicken as bare as a slate pencil. To us standing in the corner waiting our turn, it seemed that every “snitch” of the dinner was in danger, for the others were not far behind Ed and Dan.

At last even the gauntest of them filled up and left the room and we were free to sit at “the second table” and eat, while the men rested outside. David and William, however, generally had a belt to sew or a bent tooth to take out of the “concave.” This seemed of grave dignity to us and we respected their self-sacrificing labor.

Nooning was brief. As soon as the horses had finished their oats, the roar and hum of the machine began again and continued steadily all the afternoon, till by and by the sun grew big and red, the night began to fall, and the wind died out.

This was the most impressive hour of a marvelous day. Through the falling dusk, the machine boomed steadily with a new sound, a solemn roar, rising at intervals to a rattling impatient yell as the cylinder ran momentarily empty. The men moved now in silence, looming dim and gigantic in the half-light. The straw-pile mountain high, the pitchers in the chaff, the feeder on his platform, and especially the driver on his power, seemed almost super-human to my childish eyes. Gray dust covered the handsome face of David, changing it

into something both sad and stern, but Frank's cheery voice rang out musically as he called to the weary horses, "Come on, Tom! Hup there, Dan!"

The track in which they walked had been worn into two deep circles and they all moved mechanically round and round, like parts of a machine, dull-eyed and covered with sweat.

At last William raised the welcome cry, "All done!"—the men threw down their forks. Uncle Frank began to call in a gentle, soothing voice, "*Whoa*, lads! *Steady*, boys! *Whoa*, there!"

But the horses had been going so long and so steadily that they could not at once check their speed. They kept moving, though slowly, on and on till their owners slid from the stacks and seizing the ends of the sweeps, held them. Even then, after the power was still, the cylinder kept its hum, till David throwing a last sheaf into its open maw, choked it into silence.

Now came the sound of dropping chains, the clang of iron rods, and the thud of hoofs as the horses walked with laggard gait and weary down-falling heads to the barn. The men, more subdued than at dinner, washed with greater care, and combed the chaff from their beards. The air was still and cool, and the sky a deep cloudless blue starred with faint fire.

Supper though quiet was more dramatic than dinner had been. The table lighted with kerosene lamps, the clean white linen, the fragrant dishes, the women flying about with steaming platters, all seemed very cheery and very beautiful, and the men who came into the

light and warmth of the kitchen with aching muscles and empty stomachs, seemed gentler and finer than at noon. They were nearly all from neighboring farms, and my mother treated even the few hired men like visitors, and the talk was all hearty and good tempered though a little subdued.

One by one the men rose and slipped away, and father withdrew to milk the cows and bed down the horses, leaving the women and the youngsters to eat what was left and "do up the dishes."

After we had eaten our fill Frank and I also went out to the barn (all wonderfully changed now to our minds by the great stack of straw), there to listen to David and father chatting as they rubbed their tired horses.—The lantern threw a dim red light on the harness and on the rumps of the cattle, but left mysterious shadows in the corners. I could hear the mice rustling in the straw of the roof, and from the farther end of the dimly-lighted shed came the regular *strim-stram* of the streams of milk falling into the bottom of a tin pail as the hired hand milked the big roan cow.

All this was very momentous to me as I sat on the oat box, shivering in the cold air, listening with all my ears, and when we finally went toward the house, the stars were big and sparkling. The frost had already begun to glisten on the fences and well-curb, and high in the air, dark against the sky, the turkeys were roosting uneasily, as if disturbed by premonitions of approaching Thanksgiving. Rover pattered along by my side on the crisp grass and my brother clung to my hand.

How bright and warm it was in the kitchen with mother putting things to rights while father and my uncles leaned their chairs against the wall and talked of the west and of moving. "I can't get away till after New Year's," father said. "But I'm going. I'll never put in another crop on these hills."

With speechless content I listened to Uncle William's stories of bears and Indians, and other episodes of frontier life, until at last we were ordered to bed and the glorious day was done.

Oh, those blessed days, those entrancing nights! How fine they were then, and how mellow they are now, for the slow-paced years have dropped nearly fifty other golden mists upon that far-off valley. From this distance I cannot understand how my father brought himself to leave that lovely farm and those good and noble friends.

—HAMLIN GARLAND.

11-7-36

VIII

DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH

When Dr. Grenfell first appeared on the coast, I am told, the folk thought him a madman of some benign description. He knew nothing of the reefs, the tides, the currents, cared nothing, apparently, for the winds; he sailed with the confidence and reckless courage of a Labrador skipper. Fearing at times to trust his schooner in unknown waters, he went about in a whale-boat, and so hard did he drive her that he wore her out in a single season. She was capsized with all hands, once driven out to sea, many times nearly swamped, once blown on the rocks; never before was a boat put to such tasks on that coast, and at the end of it she was wrecked beyond repair. Next season he appeared with a little steam-launch, the *Princess May* — her beam was eight feet! — in which he not only journeyed from St. Johns to Labrador, to the astonishment of the whole colony, but sailed the length of that bitter coast, passing into the gulf and safely out again, and pushing to the very farthest settlements in the north. Late in the fall, upon the return journey to St. Johns in stormy weather, she was reported lost, and many a skipper, I suppose, wondered that she had lived so long; but she weathered a gale that bothered the mail-boat, and triumphantly made St. Johns, after as adventurous a

voyage, no doubt, as ever a boat of her measure survived.

✓ "Sure," said a skipper, "I don't know how she done it. The Lord," he added, piously, "must kape an eye on that man."

There is a new proverb on the coast. The folk say, when a great wind blows, "This'll bring Grenfell!" Often it does. He is impatient of delay, fretted by inaction; a gale is the wind for him — a wind to take him swiftly towards the place ahead. Had he been a weakling, he would long ago have died on the coast; had he been a coward, a multitude of terrors would long ago have driven him to a life ashore; had he been anything but a true man and tender, indeed, he would long ago have retreated under the suspicion and laughter of the folk. But he has outsailed the Labrador skippers — outdared them — done deeds of courage under their very eyes that they would shiver to contemplate, — never in a foolhardy spirit; always with the object of kindly service. So he has the heart and willing hand of every honest man on the Labrador — and of none more than of the men of his crew, who take the chances with him; they are wholly devoted.

One of his engineers, for example, once developed the unhappy habit of knocking the cook down.

"You must keep your temper," said the doctor. "This won't do, you know."

But there came an unfortunate day when, being out of temper, the engineer again knocked the cook down.

"This is positively disgraceful!" said the doctor. "I can't keep a quarrelsome fellow aboard the mission-ship. Remember that, if you will, when next you feel tempted to strike the cook."

The engineer protested that he would never again lay hands on the cook, whatever the provocation. But again he lost his temper, and down went the poor cook, flat on his back.

"I'll discharge you," said the doctor, angrily, "at the end of the cruise!"

The engineer pleaded for another chance. He was denied. From day to day he renewed his plea, but to no purpose, and at last the crew came to the conclusion that something really ought to be done for the engineer, who was visibly fretting himself thin.

"Very well," said the doctor to the engineer; "I'll make this agreement with you. If ever again you knock down the cook, I'll put you ashore at the first land we come to, and you may get back to St. Johns as best you can."

It was a hard alternative. The doctor is not a man to give or take when the bargain has been struck; the engineer knew that he would surely go ashore somewhere on that desolate coast, whether the land was a barren island or a frequented harbor, if ever again the cook tempted him beyond endurance.

"I'll stand by it, sir," he said, nevertheless; "for I don't want to leave you."

In the course of time the *Princess May* was wrecked

or worn out. Then came the *Julia Sheridan*, thirty-five feet long, which the mission doctor bought while she yet lay under water from her last wreck; he raised her, refitted her with what money he had, and pursued his venturesome and beneficent career, until she, too, got beyond so hard a service. Many a gale she weathered, off "the worst coast in the world"—often, indeed, in thick, wild weather, the doctor himself thought the little craft would go down; but she is now happily superannuated, carrying the mail in the quieter waters of Hamilton Inlet. Next came the *Sir Donald*—a stout ship, which in turn disappeared, crushed in the ice. The *Strathcona*, with a hospital amidships, is now doing duty; and she will continue to go up and down the coast, in and out of the inlets, until she in her turn finds the ice and the wind and the rocks too much for her.

"'Tis bound t' come, soon or late," said a cautious friend of the mission. "He drives her too hard. He've a right t' do what he likes with his own life, I s'pose, but he've a call t' remember that the crew has folks t' home."

But the mission doctor is not inconsiderate; he is in a hurry—the coast is long, the season short, the need such as to wring a man's heart. Every new day holds an opportunity for doing a good deed—not if he dawdles in the harbors when a gale is abroad, but only if he passes swiftly from place to place, with a brave heart meeting the dangers as they come. He is the only doctor to visit the Labrador shore of the Gulf, the Strait shore of New-

foundland, the populous east coast of the northern peninsula of Newfoundland, the only doctor known to the Esquimaux and poor "liveyeres" of the northern coast of Labrador, the only doctor most of the "liveyeres" and green-fish catchers of the middle coast can reach, save the hospital physician at Indian Harbor. He has a round of three thousand miles to make. It is no wonder that he "drives" the little steamer — even at full steam, with all sail spread (as I have known him to do), when the fog is thick and the sea is spread with great bergs.

"I'm in a hurry," he said, with an impatient sigh. "The season's late. We must get along."

We fell in with him at Red Ray in the Strait, in the thick of a heavy gale from the northeast. The wind had blown for two days; the sea was running high, and still fast rising; the schooners were huddled in the harbors, with all anchors out, many of them hanging on for dear life, though they lay in shelter. The sturdy little coastal boat, with four times the strength of the *Strathcona*, had made hard work of it that day — there was a time when she but held her own off a lee shore in the teeth of the big wind.

It was drawing on towards night when the doctor came aboard for a surgeon from Boston, a specialist, for whom he had been waiting.

"I see you've steam up," said the captain of the coastal boat. "I hope you're not going out in *this*, doctor!"

"I have some patients at the Battle Harbor Hospital, waiting for our good friend from Boston," said the doc-

tor, briskly. "I'm in a hurry. Oh, yes, I'm going out!"

"For God's sake, don't!" said the captain earnestly.

The doctor's eye chanced to fall on the gentleman from Boston, who was bending over his bag — a fine, fearless fellow, whom the prospect of putting out in that chip of a steamer would not have perturbed, though the doctor may then not have known it. At any rate, as though be-
thinking himself of something half forgotten, he changed his mind of a sudden.

"Oh, very well," he said. "I'll wait until the gale blows out."

He managed to wait a day — no longer; and the wind was still wild, the sea higher than ever; there was ice in the road, and the fog was dense. Then out he went into the thick of it. He bumped an iceberg, scraped a rock, fairly smothered the steamer with broken water; and at midnight — the most marvelous feat of all — he crept into Battle Harbor through a narrow, difficult passage, and dropped anchor off the mission wharf.

✓ Doubtless he enjoyed the experience while it lasted — and promptly forgot it, as being commonplace. I have heard of him, caught in the night in a winter's gale of wind and snow, threading a tumultuous, reef-strewn sea, his skipper at the wheel, himself on the bowsprit, guiding the ship by the flash and roar of breakers, while the sea tumbled over him. If the chance passenger who told me the story is to be believed, upon that trying occasion the doctor had the "time of his life."

"All that man wanted," I told the doctor subsequently,

"was, as he says, 'to bore a hole in the bottom of the ship and crawl out.'"

"Why!" exclaimed the doctor, with a laugh of surprise. "He wasn't *frightened*, was he?"

Fear of the sea is quite incomprehensible to this man. The passenger was very much frightened; he vowed never to sail with "that devil" again. But the doctor is very far from being a dare-devil; though he is, to be sure, a man altogether unafraid; it seems to me that his heart can never have known the throb of fear. Perhaps that is in part because he has a blessed lack of imagination, in part, perhaps, because he has a body as sound as ever God gave to a man, and has used it as a man should; but it is chiefly because of his simple and splendid faith that he is an instrument in God's hands—God's to do with as He will, as he would say. His faith is exceptional, I am sure—childlike, steady, overmastering, and withal, if I may so characterize it, healthy. It takes something such as the faith he has to move a man to run a little steamer at full speed in the fog when there is ice on every hand. It is hardly credible, but quite true, and short of the truth: neither wind nor ice nor fog, nor all combined, can keep the *Strathcona* in harbor when there comes a call for help from beyond. The doctor clambers cheerfully out on the bowsprit and keeps both eyes open. "As the Lord wills," says he, "whether for wreck or service. I am about His business."

It is sublime expression of the old faith.

Doctor Grenfell appears to have a peculiar affection for the outporters of what is locally known as the "French

Shore"—that stretch of coast lying between Cape John and the northernmost point of Newfoundland: it is one section of the shore upon which the French have fishing rights. This is the real Newfoundland; to the writer there is no Newfoundland apart from that long strip of rock against which the sea forever breaks: none that is not of punt, of wave, of fish, of low sky and of a stalwart, briny folk. Indeed, though he has joyously lived weeks of blue weather in the outports, with the sea all a-ripple and flashing and the breeze blowing warm, in retrospect land and people resolve themselves into a rocky harbor and a sturdy little lad with a question—the harbor, gray and dripping wet, a cluster of whitewashed cottages perched on the rocks, towards which a tiny, red-sailed punt is beating from the frothy open, with the white of breakers on either hand, while a raw wind lifts the fog from the black inland hills, upon which ragged patches of snow lie melting; the lad, stout, frank-eyed, tow-headed, browned by the wind, bending over the splitting-table with a knife in his toil-worn young hand and the blood of cod dripping from his fingers, and looking wistfully up, at last, to ask a question or two concerning certain old, disquieting mysteries.

"Where do the tide go, zur, when 'e runs out?" he plained. "Where do 'e go, zur? Sure, zur, *you* is able t' tell me that, isn't you?"

So, in such a land—where, on some bleak stretches of coast, the potatoes are grown in imported English soil, where most gardens, and some graveyards, are made of

earth scraped from the hollows of the hills, where four hundred and nineteen bushels of lean wheat are grown in a single year, and the production of beef-cattle is insignificant as compared with the production of babies — in such a land there is nothing for the young man to do but choose his rock, build his little cottage and his flake and his stage, marry a maid of the harbor when the spring winds stir his blood, gather his potato patch, get a pig and a goat, and go fishing in his punt. And they do fish, have always fished since many generations ago the island was first settled by adventurous Devon men, and must continue to fish to the end of time. Out of a total male population of one hundred thousand, which includes the city-folk of St. Johns and an amazing proportion of babies and tender lads, about fifty-five thousand men and grown boys catch fish for a living.

“Still an’ all, they’s no country in the world like this!” said the old skipper. “Sure, a man’s set up in life when he haves a pig an’ a punt an’ a potato patch.” ✓

“But have you ever seen another?” I asked.

“I’ve been so far as Saint Johns, zur, an’ once t’ the waterside o’ Boston,” was the surprising reply, “an’ I’m thinkin’ I knows what the world’s like.”

So it is with most Newfoundlanders: they love their land with an intolerant prejudice; and most are content with the life they lead. “The Newfoundlander comes back,” is a significant proverb of the outports; and, “White Bay’s good enough for me,” said a fishwife to me once, when I asked her why she still remained in a place so bleak and barren, “for I’ve heered tell ’tis won-

derful smoky an' n'isy 't Saint Johns." The life they live, and strangely love, is exceeding toilsome. Toil began for a gray-haired, bony-handed old woman whom I know when she was so young that she had to stand on a tub to reach the splitting-table; when, too, to keep her awake and busy, late o' nights, her father would make believe to throw a bloody cod's head at her. It began for that woman's son when, at five or six years old, he was just able to spread the fish to dry on the flake, and continued in earnest, a year or two later, when first he was strong enough to keep the head of his father's punt up to the wind. But they seem not to know that fishing is a hard or dangerous employment: for instance, a mild-eyed, crooked old fellow — he was a cheerful Methodist, too, and subject to "glory-fits" — who had fished from one harbor for sixty years, computed for me that he had put out to sea in his punt at least twenty thousand times, that he had been frozen to the seat of his punt many times, that he had been swept to sea with the ice-packs, six times, that he had weathered six hundred gales, great and small, and that he had been wrecked more times than he could "just mind" at the moment; yet he was the only old man ever I met who seemed honestly to wish that he might live his life over again!

The hook-and-line man has a lonely time of it. From earliest dawn, while the night yet lies thick on the sea, until in storm or calm or favoring breeze he makes harbor in the dusk, he lies off shore, fishing — tossing in the lop of the grounds, with the waves to balk and the wind to watch warily, while he tends his lines. There is no jolly

companionship of the forecastle and turf hut for him — no new scene, no hilarious adventure; nor has he the expectation of a proud return to lighten his toil. In the little punt he has made with his own hands he is forever riding an infinite expanse, which, in "fish weather," is melancholy, or threatening, or deeply solemn, as it may chance — all the while and all alone confronting the mystery and terrible immensity of the sea. It may be that he gives himself over to aimless musing, or, even less happily, to pondering certain dark mysteries of the soul; and so it comes about that the "mad-house 't Saint Johns" is inadequate to accommodate the poor fellows whom lonely toil has bereft of their senses — melancholics, idiots and maniacs "along o' religion."

Notwithstanding all, optimism persists everywhere on the coast. One old fisherman counted himself favored above most men because he had for years been able to afford the luxury of cream of tartar; and another, a drawny giant, confessed to having a disposition so per-tinaciously happy that he had come to regard a merry heart as his besetting sin. Sometimes an off-shore gale puts an end to all the fishing; sometimes it is a sudden gust, sometimes a big wave, sometimes a confusing mist, more often long exposure to spray and shipped water and soggy winds. It was a sleety off-shore gale, coming at the end of a sunny, windless day, that froze or drowned thirty men off Trinity Bay in a single night; and it was a mere puff on a "civil" evening — but a swift, wicked little puff, sweeping round Breakheart Head — that made a widow of Elizabeth Rideout o' Duck Cove and took her

✓ young son away. Often, however, the hook-and-line man fishes his eighty years of life, and dies in his bed as cheerfully as he has lived and as poor as he was born.

— NORMAN DUNCAN.

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IX

THE MAKING OF A BASKET

One afternoon as the sun was sinking over the distant mountain top, two Indian women, one old, the other very young, came slowly down a mountain trail, carrying on their backs great bundles of grasses. They had been gone since early morning, searching for materials for their basketry. The day had been full of intense pleasure for the young girl, for, like her grandmother, she was a great lover of nature, and now she was being trained by the old woman to take up the art of her ancestors, which was fast threatening to become extinct.

Interesting, Sally found it, especially the searching for materials, but it was none the less fatiguing, and she gave a little sigh of satisfaction as they came in sight of the Indian village, which was camped at the edge of a wood.

As they drew near, a woman came out of a lodge and lifted from their backs the heavy burdens, carried them in and found a safe place for them within the lodge. The grasses were very precious. In only one spot were they to be found, and that a most inaccessible point almost at the top of a mountain peak. Nevertheless, not a year went by that Nihabe was not there, just at the right season, to gather the harvest.

Sally's mother busied herself about the supper, while

the two told her the adventures of the day. They had taken the ridge-trail very early in the morning, and had continued quite to the top, climbing over large rocks and across deep ravines. It had been a hard trip and a long one, and they both felt glad now to rest on the soft skins of the lodge and talk over the day's work.

Soon Sally left the conversation to the older women, for her thoughts had roamed to the collection of baskets over in one corner of the lodge. These were the most prized possessions of Nihabe, for they told the story of past events in family history, and of thoughts and fancies of her youth and womanhood. Sally had always been fond of these baskets; she not only took a family pride in them, but she enjoyed making up stories about them, and occasionally getting from Nihabe herself the real stories. Each one had a special significance, and, partly for their beauty, but more for their association, Sally had selected her favorites. She was especially fond of the little ceremonial basket, which was wrought with such exceedingly fine stitches and made of this very sort of grass which they had to-day been gathering. The feathers, too, with their gay colors, which decorated the edge, had a history. Many times had Sally been told the story of the pair of beautiful little birds who made their home each year in the wood near the Indian village—how one had one day been killed by a hawk, and the other drooped and died in its grief. Nihabe had loved the little birds and wove the feathers into this basket as a sort of memorial.

Then there was the buffalo basket, which Nihabe had made when she was not much older than Sally herself

It was in the days of the buffalo, and Nihabe had felt very proud to be selected by the older women to go with them to the hunt to assist the men in the preparation of the meat and skins. It was a long journey into the home of other tribes and was full of danger and great adventure. Oftentimes when in a hostile land they had lain down at night in the brush with no lodge covering, and as she lay and gazed at the stars she planned a basket decoration which was a chronicle of this great event in her life. There were zig-zags and curves to represent the mountains, valleys and streams, and other figures for the buffalo, arrows, hunters and hostile tribes, and at the top, as a border, the moon and stars which had helped her to work out the design.

Another favorite was one which had the rattlesnake design. Sally had watched that one in the making. Nihabe had confided to no one the meaning of the design, but it was at a time when one of her sons was hunting in a rattlesnake-infested land. All the members of the family realized that this basket was a prayer to the Great Spirit to bring her son home in safety. He returned before the basket was completed, and the spirit of joyfulness with which the border was put in was a thanksgiving in itself.

Sally remembered the day that the basket-collector visited the village. Many of the younger women sold some of their baskets, and arranged to make more for sale. Great was the indignation in Nihabe's lodge. She had little to say, but her actions plainly showed her feelings. She came from a family of basket-makers, and she herself

✓ was the head weaver of her tribe, and, like her ancestors, she would as soon have thought of selling a papoose as a basket. They were a part of her life, of herself; they expressed her poetic fancies, her hopes and prayers, all her brooding thoughts, as well as being picture-stories of events in her life. What the collector would have given to know the story of that jewel basket in yonder corner! The first of Nihabe's beautiful baskets! She was no older than Sally when it was completed, and, as in some tribes, so in hers, the completion of a girl's first beautiful basket was a great event in the village. Among others who saw it was Black Eagle, a young brave, a member of an allied tribe who was a visitor in the village. His family was also a great basket-making people, and he appreciated the worth of this beautiful work of art. He determined to win this maiden for his wife. Later, among the gifts which he brought when he came to seek her hand in marriage, was a beautiful necklace which he himself had carved of pieces of bone, to be one of the jewels for the basket.

But the collector did not hear the story, nor any other, from Nihabe, for she could not appreciate his attitude in the matter.

"Why comes the white man here?" she had exclaimed. "Only to laugh at the Indian woman. They know not our ways. They have taken our lands, now they want our other treasures. Let other squaws make and sell. I want not the gold."

The other squaws did make and sell. Soon they found that from the agency they could get the dyes and so save

themselves hours of labor. The collectors looked with admiring eyes (when they had the opportunity) at the beautiful dyes of Nihabe's baskets, for never would she stoop to accept the cheap dyes. It was her pride that no white man had ever had a share in the making of her baskets, or of those of any member of her family. She herself had gathered and prepared, often with great labor, the roots, twigs and bark, until she had suitable materials to weave the beautiful creations. With certain leaves and roots she concocted the enduring dyes that far surpassed anything the trader could offer.

Sally, roused from her reverie, ate her evening meal as any healthy girl would who had spent the day in the open air. Leaving the Indian women thus occupied, let us take a look about their lodge.

It had not the dirty, smoky appearance that so many Indian lodges have. Articles not in use were rolled into bundles or baskets and set into corners. The earth-floor was covered with gaily colored rugs; soft skins and blankets invited one to rest as though they covered the softest of couches. Everywhere were baskets, some crude, others fine, some large, some small, and all were put to some use. In one corner was an immense one, large enough to hold a person. In this was kept the basketry material as it was prepared for use, wrapped in dampened blankets at first, to be kept flexible until it could be made into suitable material for weaving, then rolled into coils, tied up with strips of bark or bright-colored strings, and stowed away until the weaving. The little papooses enjoyed tumbling in and out of this big basket when it was

empty. They called it the Black Robes' basket, for its design told one of the stories which the Black Robes had told the Indians about the Son of the Great Chief who came down to earth to show all men the way to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The twelve figures on the basket represented the twelve men chosen by the Chief's Son to tell the story after He had gone back to the Great Chief. One of the figures was placed on a line below the others, for he was found to be a bad man, not what the Chief's Son had meant him to be. One was set a little apart from the others, for he was different from them; in one way he was the best loved of the Twelve.

To have seen Nihabe sitting there eating, no one would have thought she was the maker of all this beautiful handiwork; no one would have attributed to her the beautiful thoughts and sentiments which were the underlying charm of her baskets. The collector no doubt found her a very unattractive and ignorant-looking old woman, and not at all communicative. Her face was shriveled and shrunken from age and long exposure to weather and hardships, her body was bent from hard work and heavy burdens, and she had long been schooled to hide her emotions and keep to herself her inmost thoughts. No white person could ever hope to break the wall of her confidence, but in the privacy of the lodge she often told stories of her past life, and Sally was especially favored, because of her devotion to her grandmother, and her interest in the old woman's life and work. But there were some things she never revealed; these, Sally, with unusual discernment, seemed to divine, and often while Nihabe

brooded, the young girl was dreaming of things untold.

Sally had had her share in the making of the family baskets, but so far she had attempted only the cruder ones or those with no special design — mere household utensils. But now her grandmother was planning with her the making of a basket which was to prove her fitness to take up the family industry.

The fact that this basket was to be a work of art was not the only inspiration which was moving Sally. Nihabe had offered as a prize, to the first one of her granddaughters who would make a basket fine enough to hold it, the beautiful necklace which Black Eagle gave to her when he came to claim her for his bride.

Nihabe intended that her granddaughters should keep up the family reputation and do every part of the work themselves. She was now taking Sally with her on long expeditions after materials, in order to teach her the different plants used for the work. Every morning found the two wending their way through the sweet woods, coming home with dew-bedraggled skirts, laden with heavy bundles of bark, twigs and roots. Occasionally Sally's older brother was pressed into the service, when roots were to be dug from the bed of a stream, but all the other work was done by the two themselves, one day searching in the woods, another in the swamps and another on the hillsides. Thus the spring and summer passed, each season calling for a different part of the work.

On stormy days was discussed the subject of a suitable design for the maiden effort. As each design was planned it was sketched on to the skin walls of the lodge, but

none seemed to meet the girl's fancy. One day as they were in the woods, an idea came to her. She had been musing on the beauty of the spring flowers and wishing she could weave them into a design, for nothing did she love as she did the flowers. Then in her imagination she saw it all pictured: first the brown earth, then here and there patches of green, and, to represent the different flowers, were rows of yellow, light purple and white, and, as a climax, to top it off was a row of flaming scarlet. Nihabe was well pleased with the idea. She showed how it could be set off by rows of the natural color so as to make all blend.

Sally was eager to begin the basket at once now that she had the design. The work grew from week to week, the mother and grandmother offering suggestions as it progressed. With characteristic Indian reticence she would let no one see her finish the last few rows, and when she emerged from her retirement with the beautiful work of art, Nihabe was the first to meet her and gaze in admiration. While the others were examining and admiring it, the old woman was groping among her treasures. She soon appeared with the carved necklace. Before the eyes of the adoring family she placed the jewel in the basket.

— KATE T. FOGARTY.

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X

FROM THE DEPTHS OF THINGS

We were all proud of MacAllister the day he came out from the Board room after three days of examination, with a broad grin of triumph on his face and his hard-won certificate as chief engineer in his hand. Only ten years before he had been a vagrant in Brooklyn's great marine hospital, the Erie Basin, where the sick ships come in from the Seven Seas to be made strong and well again. Thence it had been a steady climb for the ambitious youngster; first the *Gourock*, a rusty British tramp, with a set of Scotchmen aboard who never let pass opportunity for a kick or a cuff directed at the little Yankee "monkey," as greasers are called; then five years' shop-apprenticeship in Liverpool for his engineer's certificate; and then the joy of his first berth when he went to the *Climax* in the place of McGill, the third engineer, who had missed his footing on the companion-ladder in the rush for the engine-room when the main feed-valve broke.

Now he was fresh from twelve months' sea-service on the *Castle Hill*, and his owners, Bolton and Perkins, had promised him the command of the *Climax's* engine-room when he should have passed the Board.

"She's not such a great thing," said the head of the firm; "but ye'll be glad of her to begin on."

Glad indeed was MacAllister, and proud, hurrying to the dingy offices on Water Street, though Bolton had spoken something less than the truth. For even in the days when MacAllister was a greaser, the *Climax* was nothing to brag about, but by the time she was offered to him, a rustier old hooker, or more sluggish, or with more rickety engines, never wheezed down the Mersey. Yet it was the best Bolton and Perkins could offer at that time. As the young chief entered the office waving his certificate, several portly, placid, and bald old clerks looked up and smiled mildly. "There's wark for ye, Mac," whispered one of them, nodding toward the private office. "They want to see ye." The partners were peering over the *London Times* and occasionally glancing from its pages to a long trade report, or perhaps more frequently to a calendar.

"Hello, Mac, it's all right, is it?" said Perkins, glancing at the certificate in young MacAllister's hand. "Ye heard the *Castle Hill's* out of commission for two months' repairs, have ye not?" he added anxiously. "Well, the *Climax* finishes loading to-night, and what with new tubes in that boiler — what d'ye think of her, Mac? what'll she do?"

"Five knots, I should think. It depends."

"She'll do more than that. She's got to. Ye must get six or seven knots out of her, MacAllister," interjected Bolton. "Here it is September 9th, and the McKinley Bill goes into effect in America at midnight, on October 4th. We have Sumatra tobacco on board, the duty on which will be advanced a dollar and twenty-five cents a

pund, and cutlery from Sheffield with an increase almost as high, and thousands of puns of other dutiable stuff in the bargain, that is going to be increased beyond all reason. Space on all the big liners due to reach New York before the act goes into effect has been filled at seven times the usual rates, and there's the devil to pay. Now they've come down on us. We've got the *Climax* filled full, aye, and a deck-load amidships. An' ye can get over in time, we are rich — MacAllister, what say ye?"

"Six knots, eh?" mused MacAllister. "Six knots out of the *Climax*."

"She has some new boiler tubes, MacAllister."

"Well, we can try," said MacAllister; "if it's in her, I'll get it out of her, certain."

"Ye start at sunrise to-morrow, then," said Bolton. "Spare nothing. Remember, October 4th, at midnight. We have had Captain McWilliams here. At sunrise to-morrow; and, Mac, one thing more: the *Gourock*, of Jones and Fry, leaves to-morrow at the same hour, with the same class of cargo and on the same mission as the *Climax*. Ye may as not beat her, but she mustn't beat ye, MacAllister."

MacAllister closed his mouth tight. He remembered the *Gourock*, and he remembered the Scotch captain and Scotch chief engineer and the crew, all of whom had made it so hard for him years ago when he was a greaser on her — who made it so hard for him because he was a Yankee. No; the *Gourock* would not beat him! — not while his engines held together. But what a race —

the old *Gourock* and the old *Climax*; a great race between two iron pots with clockworks. This figure so pleased MacAllister that he uttered it aloud to the partners, who snorted and waved him out of the office.

"Remember, October 4th, at midnight," they said.

"Aye," said MacAllister. "Good-by."

So it was that next day's sun, risen scarce five hours, found the rusty, bluff-bowed *Climax* approaching Daunts Rock with the greasy, blood-red flag of Britain dimly showing through the pall of black smoke driving straight aft from the funnel. About a mile ahead wallowed the *Gourock*, with the water line hiding her Plimsoll mark.

When MacAllister was not in the engine-room, he was on the bridge with Captain McWilliams. He was in the engine-room most of the time, and slept about four hours out of the twenty-four. At her best, the *Climax* had never done the trip in less than sixteen days, and that was twenty years ago. This time she had twenty-four days, little enough leeway, considering the possibility of delay by storm or through breakage in the ancient machinery. Yet MacAllister had faith in these old engines; he was something of a dreamer, and he played with strange fancies that the spirit of all machinery was something tangible, and that to it his spirit had spoken of the need of more power, of more speed, and of what it all would mean. There is nothing like the dark engine-room of a snoring old tramp to make you feel things. It was in the *Climax* tunnel that he felt these things most strongly,—that long, dark passageway in the bowels

of the vessel where the shaft, turning on its bearings, runs out from the engines through the stuffing-box to the screw outside. Hourly trips must be taken through this tunnel to see that the bearings have not become red-hot, and MacAllister had found a greaser asleep here the night of the second day out. This coming as a climax to his overwrought mind, he thenceforth allowed no one to tour the tunnel but the second and third engineers. But most of the time he did the tour himself, because somehow he loved to be there groping along the dark, damp, oily passageway, with his lantern swaying in front of him,—feeling the bearings and listening to the noises which, among the multitude of the *Climax's* sounds, he loved the most. The spirit of his engines he heard in there—in the dark, and alone. There were noises, too, in that tunnel-shaft that he did not understand. Music it sometimes seemed to be, at other times the monotone of a sighing spirit. Again, there was joy expressed, and sadness and wailing grief. Then there were sounds that no human being ever will understand, whisperings, murmurings, low cries—undefinable, mysterious, and vague. Sometimes he would hear something that would cause him to stand transfixed in the sloughing half light of his lantern, wondering, fearing, half tempted to raise his voice in answer—but in what language, in what way? Very often, through all the sounds, a voice would ring out loud and clear—only the screw racing; who knows?—but to MacAllister it was a pæan of triumph voicing the realization of all his hopes and dreams.

Thus MacAllister lived with his engines, his spirits

fluctuating with their every mood and temper. Hour by hour he would work among them, thanking God for the great steady, powerful pushing of the connecting-rods and pistons, and the irresistible whirl of the cranks and throws. Sometimes they would hobble slowly, but on the whole they were doing their work well. They were averaging at the best six knots hourly, and each night when MacAllister had finished his log for the day's work of his engines, he would spend long, wakeful hours wondering — wondering whether it was because of good luck, American coal, and the new tubes, or whether things he had heard down in that narrow tunnel — heard or dreamed — might not have something to do with it. For there was received down there an impression of force and of understanding that had taken captive his imagination. When these thoughts came very strongly, he would go up on the bridge and talk sense with Captain McWilliams.

The night of the twelfth day, and everything was going, looking forward. Far astern could be seen the dim, plunging lights of the *Gourock*, and despite a northwest September gale, the hearts of the skipper and the chief engineer were light.

"I think that we'll make it, boy," said McWilliams, holding to the bridge rail with one hand and using the other as a trumpet to carry his voice into MacAllister's ear. "She drops a little time once in a while, but I think we'll make it."

"Aye, maybe," replied the chief; "it's a racketing they're getting this night, though, those engines. It's

a mighty stiff racketing they're getting. Hear that screw race."

It was a racketing those engines were getting, truly, for the *Climax* was in a jumping seaway that would racket anything. The two men, with their sou'westers drawn tight down and their yellow slickers glistening in the rain, peered anxiously into the darkness. How black it was! The great waves rolling toward the *Climax* were indefinite — fantastic, rocking shadows, they seemed, let loose from the enshrouding veil to do their harm. Occasionally the vessel's few lights would quiver along the water on the uproll, lighting a foam-crested wave for an instant; then a sidelong plunge, and all was blank again.

"Umph," said McWilliams, "a nasty night, MacAllister. If the engines —"

He stopped and gripped the engineer's arm. MacAllister's face had gone a sickly yellow.

A sound was roaring up from the very soul of the ship, like the sound of a great oak riven by lightning and falling. The next instant came the frightful whirr of the engines, released from their strain of pushing the steamship and racing free.

"The shaft has gone," shouted MacAllister, jumping for the ladder as the *Climax* fell off into the trough of the sea. In ten seconds he was in the engine-room shouting to his assistants, who had stopped the engines an instant after the break. As MacAllister had said, the tunnel-shaft had snapped; snapped clean, right in the middle of the tunnel, and the two ends were battering

the floor, as the vessel fell off and rolled in the sea hollows. It would be death to venture in there before the ship's head had been brought up into the seas. For two hours she wallowed, while MacAllister cursed and mourned, by turns. Then, slowly, she swung up, under the control of a sea-anchor which McWilliams and his crew had succeeded in streaming. The Captain came down into the engine-room.

"Well, it's over, I should say, Mac," he groaned. "We're a log in the sea, until we get a tow."

"I don't know," said MacAllister; "we're going to try to fix it." Try! He was going to fix it; they were racing the *Gourock*.

He already had his men passing chains under the two broken ends; the chains were then suspended from the roof of the tunnel, bringing the two ends to a level. No sooner was this done than MacAllister, in spite of the plunging of the ship and the probability of the chains' letting go their burden, crawled in under the break and began to take hurried measurements.

"My God," ejaculated the Captain, "come out of there, Mac. It ain't worth it."

But MacAllister couldn't hear him; it would have made no difference if he had heard. He was under there half an hour — until he completed his measurements for a collar to be fastened over the break. The rest of the night he spent in making the collar, and when it was finished at ten o'clock the next morning, he went up on deck to see the *Gourock* go by. How she bit the waves as she plunged by, and what a triumphant scream

of her siren was flung back as a jeer at the poor old *Climax*! White with rage, Captain McWilliams seized the whistle cord and jerked it until even the roar of the storm was shattered by the volume of sound pouring out of the *Climax's* brazen whistle. The *Gourock* replied with several small toots;—it was as acrimonious a dialogue as two vessels ever indulged in. MacAllister went down to his work with a grim smile. Twelve hours he spent on his back underneath the two swaying ends of the broken shaft, and four hours, cramped in a squatting position in the narrow space. At the end of forty-eight hours he had bolted the jacket into place, and then he emerged from the tunnel and toppled over on the engine-room floor, asleep even as he fell. When he came to, he was in his bunk, and the first impression he had was of a vast groaning and clanging down in the *Climax's* vitals, which told him his engines were performing their work once more.

Thus the *Climax* went on her way, the collar holding, and the engines doing all the work that MacAllister could expect, and more, too. From this time there were few minutes that he was not among them, sometimes in the tunnel, but more often—now that the shaft might break again—with his ear against the bulkhead door, listening to the sounds within, almost pleading with the great shaft to be strong and do its work.

Five days later the Captain called him to the bridge to look at a strange object dead ahead. The hull resembled that of the *Gourock*, but there were points of dissimilarity which rendered the matter uncertain.

"It must be the *Gourock*," said McWilliams, straining his eyes through the battered binoculars. "But she looks queer. Take another look, Mac. She ought to be somewhere ahead."

MacAllister pressed the glasses to his eyes, took a long, hard look, and then uttered a howl of joy as the glasses fell with a crash.

"Whoop, aye, it's the *Gourock*," he screamed, "and she's lost her funnel. Rolled it clean overboard. Look."

It was even so. Evidently the storm of the two days back had swept it overboard, and there she lay gasping and wheezing like a stranded whale.

"I'll sympathize with them," said McWilliams, grimly seizing the whistle cord.

As the *Climax* passed the hooker, the insults all came from her. The *Gourock's* whistle had gone with the funnel.

"Now for it," muttered MacAllister, going below.

Now for it, indeed. Sandy Hook was four days away, and the *Climax* had but a few hours to spare. Even at that, the old vessel must keep pushing. So she did until nine hours after the *Gourock* had been left astern, and then MacAllister began to detect a new note in the chorus of the engine-room. He couldn't tell what it was, but the spirit of his engines, was clear. Hopeless, pessimistic, jarring, it rose and grew, an alien note for those brave, clattering old engines to send up. So MacAllister was not surprised to find that most of the push was going out of the *Climax*. She was logging miserably, and the screw seemed to be putting barely

sufficient power in her kick to whiten the water.

For twenty-four hours the *Climax* did not average more than three knots hourly, and the time limit was rapidly drawing to a close. Once fall behind, and it would make little difference whether or not she reached port at all. MacAllister was aging rapidly. He had his suspicions as to what the matter was, but said nothing until he had investigated thoroughly. What he discovered confirmed his worst fears, and it was two hours before he made up his mind to report the facts to the Captain. When he decided, he called his staff together, gave several orders, and then went up on the bridge. In answer to McWilliams' questioning look, the engineer shrugged his shoulders.

"I have had the fire pulled out from under the main boiler." McWilliams uttered a heavy oath and kicked out a section of the hand-rail.

"Tubes?" he finally asked.

"Aye, leaky tubes," said MacAllister. "Ye might well curse 'em — the *Climax*, her boilers, and everything else."

"But we can't lose now," cried McWilliams. He groaned. "Can't we do anything?"

"We're a-goin' to try," replied the engineer. "I'm a-goin' into that boiler. If it can be fixed, we'll fix it, all right. Were ye ever in Hell, McWilliams?"

McWilliams stared at him as he made his way from the bridge, and then turned his gaze astern as though he expected to see the *Gourock* rushing up over the ocean. But she was nowhere in sight.

Half an hour later, MacAllister, wrapped from head to foot in a coating of asbestos, approached the manhole of the boiler. He put in his hand, holding it there for five minutes.

"Not so hot. I guess I can stand it. When I come near the opening, stand by to haul me out," he said to his assistants.

Then, with hammer and chisel in hand, he went into that hellish boiler and began tearing out the defective tubes. He worked for a minute, holding his breath in the meanwhile—a single lung-full of that hot, rust-laden air would have killed him. Then he came out. Seven minutes later he went in again. He cut away two tubes before he was hauled out. The next time four tubes were removed, and then he took a ten minutes' rest. He had cut out all the defective tubes, and now new tubes to replace them must be reamed in. In doing this, he was obliged to enter the boiler five times, staying in each time a full minute. As the last tube was fixed, he was hauled unconscious from the manhole and carried on deck. He did not know that the *Gourock* had passed three hours before, with a funnel rigged up out of sheets of tin and pieces of junk, held together by wisps of old sails, twine, and rope-ends, and stayed by lines made fast to the mast rails,—such a wonderful sight that Captain McWilliams' whistle forgot to swear as she waddled past like a slatternly old woman.

So MacAllister was carried to his bunk, where he lay for many hours, raving and declaring that he was toasting in a fiery furnace. But his work was done.

Now it was for McWilliams to carry it through to conclusion. Fires were started again under the repaired boiler, and fat and oil were mixed with the coal. It seemed as if the engines would kick their way out through the bottom of the ship. They got her up to eight knots, and they held her there, and when she passed the *Gourock* between Fire Island and Sandy Hook, McWilliams ran down from the bridge and carried the chief engineer on deck to see the fun.

Up the bay she clattered, pausing just long enough at quarantine to report no contagious disease and to be passed by the health officer—October 4th, and one hour and five minutes before midnight. Events followed swiftly;—a plunge up to the Statue of Liberty, a tug hurrying alongside in response to continuous whistling, the Captain's leap to the deck with his papers in his pocket; a dash for the Battery landing, a hack tearing for the Custom House; a bustling of sleepy clerks; and then Captain McWilliams sighing and lighting a cigar with trembling hands—one minute before midnight, and his entire cargo sworn in. The *Gourock's* skipper came in time to qualify under the new duties of the McKinley Bill.

A cable despatch to Captain McWilliams the next day announced the gratitude and appreciation of Bolton and Perkins, and when the details of the passage were learned, MacAllister received one himself; and that was all there ever was; but then, what could he expect?

MacAllister is chief engineer on one of the finest trans-Atlantic liners now, where the shaft-tunnel is brilliant

with electric lights against white walls and tiled flooring — where the sounds ever constitute a grand symphony. Yet, when MacAllister closes his eyes and thinks of that oily, mysterious little tunnel of the *Climax* he feels that he has lost something. But that is always the way with dreamers.

— LAWRENCE PERRY.

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THE END



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